

Miscellany
A^{Vol 30} 116 L44
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New MISCELLANY

For the YEAR 1738.

CONTAINING

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- II. The *CRAFTSMAN* of Dec. 10. 1737, which was seized by the Messengers before Publication.
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- V. An Excellent New *BALLAD*. Tune of, *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury*.
- VI. The *NEGOTIATORS*: Or, *Don Diego* brought to Reason. An Excellent New *BALLAD*. Tune of, *Packington's Pound*.
- VII. The *RIVAL WIVES*: Or, the Greeting of *Clarissa* to *Skirra* in the *Elysian Shades*.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the YEAR 1738.

[Price, One Shilling.]





PROBUS TO PHILARETES.

My Dear Friend,



OUR Company at present would be as useful as agreeable to me; for I could freely communicate my Mind to you, and presently know your Sentiments. There are Occurrences that cannot but lead one into Variety of Thoughts, and on Subjects of great Concern to an honest Man. Since by your Absence I cannot speak, I must write to you. But one Hour's Conversation would carry us further than several Hours Writing.

Yet Familiar Letters between Friends are next to Conversation. He who writes to the Publick, like one dancing in a publick Assembly, must be under a Thousand Constraints, which would be as useless and impertinent Embarrassments in writing to his intimate Friend, as the *Minnet-Step*, or the *Walk of a Courant* would be in walking alone to make his Friend a Visit. He has nothing to mind but the Road, and to walk it so as best suits his Journey; and is not encumber'd about his Steps and Gate, only that he may not tread awry. And he walks better in a Frock, Bob, and strong easy Shoes, than in Top-Dress and a Pair of nice single Pumps.

I now write to you, Dear Sir, with no Concern on me about Stile or Method, and the Beauties and *Delicacies* of the Pen. I only want to let you know the Thoughts that revolve in my Breast; and it matters not whether in my own Words, or the Words of others, and whether the Sentiments have first arisen to my self, or I have learn'd them from Books or Conversation; for both of them, *as they are in my Mind*, are my own *Thoughts*, and have equal Influence on me. And this Influence can scarcely miss to appear from my Expressions, which will be *these* that my Thoughts naturally suggest to me; and therefore may sometimes be in the grave and serious, and sometimes in the jocular and ludicrous Strain; sometimes full of Regret or Indignation, and sometimes of Contempt and Disdain. Don't you often find these succeed one another, and take very quick Turns in your Soul, when employ'd on important affecting Subjects? But in writing to you, I need not bind my self down to the Free and Familiar way, no more than to the Methodical. Even in this also I'll be unconfin'd; for affected Freedom is the most hateful and ridiculous of all Constraints. And if my Mind shall prompt me to it (which I believe it will not) I'll walk in my pretty Pumps with a Tye-Perriwig, and lay aside my Bob and strong Shoes.

Honesty in Distress, and prosperous Wickedness, have in all Ages and Countries exercis'd the anxious Thoughts of Mankind. One of 30 or 40 Years of Age can hardly have liv'd so retir'd from the World, as not to have seen Instances of it; for they occur not only in publick, but also in private Life.

Many Years ago I read a little *French* Book, call'd, *L' Honête Homme & le Scelerat*, and wrote by a *Scelerat*; for he moves you by representing the *Honête Homme*, in all the Scenes of Life, distress'd, undone, and never reliev'd by his Virtue; and the Rascal in the same Course of Affairs flourishing by his Dishonesty, and brought out of all Difficulties: And thus preparing you, his Principle of sordid Selfishness does more readily insinuate itself into your Heart, and insensibly, like slow, but sure Poison, corrupts the Blood and Vitals, and reduces the sound Man to a rotten Carcass that stinks above Ground.

I was

I was young when I read it, and the bare-fac'd Villainy of the Author astonish'd me. And I was more astonish'd, that an Old Man of Quality, finding the Book in my Hand, recommended it earnestly to me as a good Director of my Conduct, when I should come to enter on the World. After this Recommendation, and the same Person's arguing with me, "That he was not bound to act for his Country to the Hurt of his own Fortune," I ever disdain'd the old Rogue, and was struck with deep Concern and Amazement, that such a Knave had been trusted in Government and Publick Business! And I could not recover from the Fit of Indignation, mix'd with Dejection of Spirit, that it threw me into, till I consider'd that with all his Perfidiousness he had been as unsuccessful as the *Honête Homme* whose Example he endeavour'd to dissuade me from following. Thus some Rogues are damn'd here and hereafter!

I was then ignorant of the World, and knew not Mankind. I us'd to entertain my self delightfully with the bright Examples of Virtue in Ancient History, and with the generous Maxims of Persons celebrated in all Ages; and finding their Praise in every Mouth, I fancy'd, that tho' I saw many were gluttonous, lewd, covetous, drunken, vain, &c. and tho' the Bent of Human Nature was to indulge Pleasure and even Sensuality, and had carry'd Men otherwise deservedly famous into great and shameful Excesses; yet I could not imagine that any but the Dross of the Earth, the Dregs of Mankind, and the cover'd Villains who artfully dissemble and insinuate themselves into Power, did not approve of Generosity, and the gallant Sentiments and Actions of a Man of Honour and Publick Spirit. I fancy'd, that a Man of Honour, in any Station of Life, acting on noble Principles, would be supported by the Generality of Mankind, and valu'd for his Worth by those in Authority, and might easily condemn the Resentment of Rogues; "to disappoint whom, and defeat their Designs and Practices, cannot but be the strong Inclination and Endeavour of an honest Man, and a great Satisfaction to him; and it is most certainly his Duty.

I then thought it the sure Way to defeat a Knave, to convince the World that he was a Knave; and I con-

tinu'd long of this Opinion, in spite of many Instances of the contrary that surpriz'd and griev'd me : because I still saw that Men, however prosperous and powerful Rogues, were both in common and private Conversations condemn'd and reproach'd for their Knavery ; that this was the favourite Topick of their Enemies, and a foul Imputation that their Friends endeavour'd to wipe off.

But tho' this does, in some measure, hold true to this Day, yet how greatly was I still mistaken ! Not in my Sentiments of Virtue, Honour, Generosity, and Publick Spirit ; for these are as certainly right, as it is certain that we are Men, that Society is to be maintain'd, and that there is an Infinite, Righteous, and Holy God, who made and rules all things. But I find that I was grievously mistaken as to Mankind. I was not sufficiently sensible of the Extent and Inveteracy of Human Depravity. And if I had not corrected this Mistake, how vastly more must I have been mistaken now ? For he must be very young or unattentive, or a great Stranger to *Britain*, who perceives not, that Baseness of Spirit, Viciousness, and curst Corruption, has for many Years past gone on, and still advances, by large and swift Strides, and is arriv'd to a Heighth beyond what it was at in former Days.

In saying this, I do not neglect the good Counsel of the Man distinguish'd by his Wisdom, and all whose Writings, that we have, proceeded from the Omniscient and Unerring Spirit of Wisdom and Truth. *Say not thou what is the Cause, that the former Days were better than these : for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this.* The Caution is certainly necessary ; for we are very ready to err in preferring former Times to the present.

We have not full Knowledge of the Days before our own, and the Particulars are mostly hid from us in Clouds of Darkness undispellable ; and the Events of those Days do not personally concern the greatest Part of us, nor employ our Hopes or Fears. We may likewise as readily misjudge of the past Times of our own Days, as being turn'd old, we are ready to fancy, that the Ladies were then more pretty, and the Seasons warmer than now. In Youth, we are full of Enjoyments,

ments, and fuller of Hopes; and Trifles, *Nothings*, delight the exulting Heart, and lead it on from Deceptions to Disappointments; and even the Paths of future Sorrow seem to be strew'd with Roses, and are trod with present Pleasure. We saw not then sufficiently the Evil of the Times. We had small Knowledge and Experience of Affairs: And vain Enjoyments and vainer Hopes veil'd our Eyes, and the Exuberancy of Natural Spirits supported us in the Joy of almost continual Delusion.

My Dear Friend, you are fully ——— but my Letter may be open'd at the Post-House, and carry'd to Sir ———; therefore since I cannot whisper it in your Ear, I will not mention ——— the Year of your Age. But you and I are old enough to *feel* the *Contrast*, and we need not tell to one another how different the Case (if not of *Old*, yet) of *more advanced* Age is. And I believe both of us are sensible, that the Infirmities attending advanc'd Age, as well as the Weaknesses and ignorant unexperienced Follies of Youth, tend to betray Men into Mistakes about the Times.

But the needful Caution given us in the Sacred Text I have quoted, does not contain nor imply a universal Prohibition. This were to prohibit us to see or think. It never was wrong to say, that *Solomon's* early Days, when full of the Spirit of God, and justly admir'd for his Wisdom and Administration, were better than the After-days in which he forgot God, and join'd himself to Idols and Devils. The Holy Writings frequently speak of ——— a people's Cup of *Iniquity* being *full* or not yet *fill'd up*. And in *these* we see succeeding Reigns and Administrations compar'd with former, and, according to their Deservings, declar'd to be better or worse. And the Causes of the Miscarriages of Kings and Rulers, and thereby of the superior Wickedness of the Age, are often expressly remarked. And it is impossible that this Advice can be taken so largely; for then it would not be the Advice of an inspir'd Prophet agreeable to the rest of the Scriptures of Truth, but of an unjust Monarch, who knows that Ignorance is the Mother of that Devotion he desires to be ador'd with by his unhappy People; or of a *haughty, domineering Minister*, who would look on himself as a *Pitiful Fellow*,

low, if he suffer'd the best and greatest of his Fellow-Subjects to speak their Minds, and who hates and dreads *the Liberty of the Press*.

Therefore, without Fear of transgressing against this good Caution, I may write of the Badness of the present Time even beyond former Times, if I can *enquire wisely concerning it*.

Instances of very bad things in our Days will not prove them worse than the former in which the like Instances occur'd. And supposing we had such *now*, yet also—

In those Days, there was a great Lord, who most agreeably surpriz'd the World, by boldly espousing, on an eminent Occasion, and on others, adhering resolutely to the Cause of Honour and his Country. And for it he renounc'd Posts of Dignity, that were also so profitable as not to be despis'd by the Richest. Yet, in a few Years, like the Cat turn'd to a Woman (for she never turn'd to a Man) he made a sudden Jump from his Honourable new Friends to catch a Mouse, tho' he wallow'd in native Plenty.

And, in those Days, there was another Great Lord, Young, favourably look'd on by all, frank and obliging in his Deportment, profuse rather than sordid, in Possession of a very good, and in the sure and not very distant Expectancy of a vast Estate, who had a near Relation that could and probably would enrich him beyond any Subject; and who had the Favour of the Person of highest Expectation in the Realm. What could tempt such a Lord, *in two or three Days*, to desert the Cause of Honour and of his Country, and to behave unwisely to his Relation and Great Friend? to forfeit his Reputation during a long Course of Years he might live, and which might have been adorn'd with Virtue and Glory, as well as pass'd in the greatest Opulency and Grandeur? One would think that Madness could only account for it. I am of that Opinion. But Madness is of diverse Kinds; and none of them are more misleading than mistaken ill-judg'd Vanity.

Could there be a more manifest Instance of it, than to do an unhandson thing in (the very distant and uncertain) Hopes of one Day rising, through a mean Post, to the Military Glory of the Great Name he had *chang'd* to be the Heir of? What could blind him so much? He could
not

not possibly imagine that the great Name he was call'd by, could raise him to that high Pitch of Renown. Was it then the certain Consciousness of his great Genius and Capacity for War, and an irresistible Ardor to be in the way of Exerting it? Ah! — And strong must the Impulse have been that could bring a Man, so warlike-minded, to digest Injuries very recently receiv'd. But such a one should know, that the Glory of a Man of Honour must accompany the Renown of a Great Commander; or the Commander, in all his Greatness, will justly be despis'd or hated.

A Great and Successful General as well as a Great and Successful Lawyer, or Statesman, may be a most execrable R——l. And alas! a great Lord may be a great K——ve or a great F——l at the Head of a Regiment, and never come to be a great General.

Let me look back to those Times a little earlier than I intended, and try what Light we may get into this L——d's most wonderful Behaviour.

In those Days it was the Fashion to keep up a much larger Army than was needful for any warlike Occasions of the Nation; but several Gentlemen of the Army fought against the Nation by their Votes in ——— and more than 100 of them were thrust into ——— for that most honourable Purpose. In a time of no War (at least of no Fighting) but of long and frequent Parliaments, they were not us'd to Arms for Battle, but for Shew, and were train'd to do Execution with their Tongues, not with their Hands. All of it consisted in the Application of two Monosyllables, *Aye* and *No*. But some of them did learn, with no Letters, to deal, not in Monosyllables only, but Polysyllables, and to join them in Periods, and of these Periods to compose a thing call'd a *Speech*, which they shot now and then from a *Blunderbuss*.

The frequent Use of this Instrument, both in Speech and Action, made a certain Gentleman so remarkable, that, if he had not had a Brother, the Name of it would have been appropriated to himself. But he, trusting to his superior Title to that Honour, and dreadful that his Brother could equal him in it, did frankly allow of his Partnership, and publickly spoke of *the Two Blundering Brothers*; and he most ingeniously demonstrated, that

that the dignify'd Name of *Blunderer* was their own in a peculiar manner.

Yet the new-fashion'd Sons of *Mars* did no deadly Execution with this wide-mouth'd Instrument, but they never fail'd to make terrible Havock with their murdering *Stiletto* and Pocket-Pistol, *Aye* and *No*. The Nature of the *Blunderbuss* was, like a certain famous Wind-Engine, to make some Noise, and to smell most odiously. The Sound of the Instrument sometimes excited Laughter, and at other times was exceeding soporiferous; but the lethargick Operation was often stopp'd by the Emetical Quality of the Smell: And it had no other Effect; except that, on occasions, it serv'd to protract Time, and keep off a close Engagement, till the moroding Mercenary Troops were brought up to fall on. But the Military were so dexterous in the Use of their little Dagger and Pistol, that they never miscarry'd in the Stab of the one, nor ever miss'd their Aim in firing the other. And if any of them struck or aim'd, not according to Command, he was speedily turn'd out of the Army.

It was not so in the warlike Reign of a former King, celebrated for his sedate Understanding, Penetration into the Hearts of Men, and never or seldom mistaking what he might expect from them, for his working Head, firm Resolution, and Intrepidity, both in the Cabinet and in the Field. He had govern'd a free People, and had been bred among them, and did not imagine that a brave Officer fail'd in the Military Obedience of the Camp, if he was not slavishly obedient in Council. He never could be perswaded by his Ministers, for what they call'd Errors of the Tongue, to wrest those Arms out of the Hands of Gallant Men, which he had often beheld them use so faithfully and boldly in his Service. He had parraken of their Toils and Dangers, and was foremost in them; and his Great Soul was incapable of the mean Fears and Resentments of any Ministry that trembled in Apprehension of Parliamentary Enquiries. Such a King fights to subdue the Enemies of the Nation; and the Ministry to subdue the Nation it self; and therefore to subdue the Parliament, which like an impregnable Fort, cannot be taken but by the Treachery of the Garrison. And thence come the Pensions, Places, Cajoleries, Promises, &c. so plentifully bestow'd on the most Part,
(and

(and the *most Part* must be the *Majority*) and the Frowns, Menaces, and Injuries daily bestow'd with great Liberality on others. Such Men are Ministers very often; and such a Man very seldom is a King

This *truly Great Man* (a Name more honourable, and more rarely deserv'd than *Great King*) did himself reign and govern; and his *Ministers* were no other than the Word literally imports—*Servants*. In other times, it has by a strange Perversion come to signify quite the contrary—*Masters*.

This just and honourable Usage of brave Warriours continu'd in a subsequent Reign of Action and Military Glory, till towards the End of it. Then Troops being recall'd from the Field, and Navies from the Main, the *War of Tongue and Trick* was too much encourag'd and carry'd on; and Soldiers were turn'd out of the Employments wherein they had gallantly signaliz'd their Fidelity, Conduct, and Courage, for not being duly train'd in the Exercise of those dreadful Weapons, *Aye* and *No*.

This rais'd a Cry so loud, that all the Island resounded it, as a bare-fac'd Attempt to render Parliaments the Tools of introducing that Arbitrary Despotick Power, which their Institution and End is to keep out. And none was more deep-mouth'd in the Cry, than he who not long afterwards began to creep into Power, if not Sovereign, yet uncontrolled. But having arrived at it, he not only on *like*, but *much less Occasions*, did the same thing.

For the Offence of being thus firmly vertuous, he turn'd out of the Army that very Person, for whose being used so formerly he had join'd in the loud and just Complaint of the Nation: That Noble Person of undisputed Sense and Honour, fine Taste and Wit, easy attracting Good-nature and Elegancy, and Military Skill and Bravery. He would not submit to the Slavery of a *pretended Whig*, no more than of a *pretended Tory* Administration, nor assist to give up the National Rights and Liberties to a K—g, no more than to a P—r; and therefore was used alike by both Ministries.

But I believe I write unaccurately, in calling the last a Ministry. No; there was not then a *Ministry*, but a *Minister*—a *Master*—surrounded by Slaves dignify'd with

with idle Names of Officers that once had been, but no longer were significant.

The Minister, for the same Reason, sacrificed this Noble Person's Gallant Friend to his own scurvy Resentment, for not yielding to him absolute Parliamentary Obedience. A Peer of acknowledged fine Accomplishments, generous, and of eminent Service in Peace and War, and who had in Negotiation, as well as in Battle, supported the Interest and Honour of his Country and King, and disdain'd to deliver up in Parliament, to an insolent rapacious Minister, what he had gallantly defended in the Field against armed Force, and in the Cabinet against the Subtilties of Politicians. Such a Negotiator (so different from——!) and such a Peer in Parliament (alas! that he could be turn'd out of it!) could not be endur'd by such a M——r and his Slaves; and the brave Military Man was therefore driven from the Army.

And that the Sacrifice might be outwardly more pompous, by a Victim of higher Title, a Great D—— was (*in this*) join'd to these two Noble Lords of unquestion'd Worth and Honour.

Nor did the M——r rest here, tho' for some Years this Measure was rather excus'd than vindicated; but being publickly charged with it, and in the most proper Place, he *with unparallel'd Modesty, and no less Wisdom*, boasted of it as an Act of Spirit, that all who succeed to his Place and Power (God forbid that any do!) should exert against the Highest Subjects who shall dare to contradict his Measures. And he very soon prov'd his Sincerity in this Declaration; and finding *no other Colonel who deserv'd the Honour*, he turn'd out a *Cornet*, because he had worthily stood up against him in Parliament, for the just Interest and Dignity of the Highest Subject, whom the Minister thought himself oblig'd to humble and keep low (*God knows what besides!*) since he could not blind him, and obtain his Favour.

I have not yet fallen upon any *Memoirs* of the Fate of the *Illustrious Changeling* I mention'd, after his unexpected Turn; and I thought it would be acceptable to give you Instances from those Times of the Minister's Usage of some other Great Lords, in Military Em-

Employment, who refused unlimited Obedience to his unjust Demands and saucy Pleasure. How could this Great Lord expect better? His Quality was not higher than that of one; and Vanity it self could not flatter him to dream, that his Merit exceeded the Worth and Services of either of the other two Examples I have produced. He must therefore have been wholly void of Observation and Reflection; for it would be harsh to say, that he had resolv'd on dirty Compliances, that he might be permitted to sink in the Employment he caught at. But with this my Memoirs have furnish'd me, that, just on his Acceptance, the M——r, in a very publick Manner, made Game of him in a great Horse-laugh, and dull insolent Jokes. You know, that none but his *Illustrious Brother* exceeds him in heavy low Jest, and the perpetual nauseous Affectation of Wit and Humour, which he has no Pretence to. And thus he discover'd alike his Judgment and his Wit, and the Knowledge he had of his own Talents.

But why should I write so severely of the Miscarriages of those Persons?— And why may not I write so to you? My Dear Friend, do not you and I, and all Mankind, speak so of them? And have I not wrote what is true and just? How ridiculous, how absurd, how perverse is it, to be more offended at one who with honest Freedom exposes bare-fac'd Corruption, than at the Corrupters and Corrupted, those Infections, those Curses of human Society? It was said of an Historian, that he publicly wrote and censured the Wickedness of Emperors as freely as they committed it. And may not I, in a private Letter, take as much Liberty with wicked Subjects. God forbid I should approve of discovering secret Wickedness; and Faults of any sort that are hid from the World, shall, for me, in most Cases, be buried in impenetrable Darkness. Nor would I, in general, make manifest the Vices that are only surmised and suspected, but, at least, let them remain doubtful. To detect conceal'd, or doubted Vice, is to encrease ill Examples, the prodigious Number of which that we already have, is too strong Encouragement to the bad; and the *Setting of the Example* is owing not only to the Committer, but to the Discoverer of the un-reveal'd or uncertain Crime. And when the Guilt of

a Person is not known, he continues at least under the Restraint of Shame and Fear of his Reputation, which is taken off by the Discovery; and, for the most Part, Men will then be more apt to harden, than reform.

But this is far from being the Case of bold, open Transgressors. And if those I have pointed at had been publicly chastis'd, when they publicly gave the pestiferous Examples, it might have done good. It might have struck themselves with Remorse, and made them at least wish in their poor rack'd Souls, that they had continued honest and brave. Would to God they would yet return to Honour, if they be yet alive! Since they regarded not the real Shame of deserting it. God forbid they should continue Deserters, from a false Shame of amending. *In the happy Event of their returning to Virtue, what could I not risque for them?* If they will not return, yet open Rebuke would not suffer them to hug themselves in their Dishonour, and to turn utterly abandon'd in Principle, as well as in Practice, and work themselves into an Opinion, that they have done right, or are not strongly disapprov'd of, and with the Tranquillity of a harden'd stupify'd Conscience, to sit down on their ill-got scurvy Gains, or servile Pittance of Power.

And if it should have no Effect on them at all, yet it ought to be done for the sake of others. Most People have a more quick Sense of Gain, Power, Ease, and Splendor, than of Honour and Virtue. The first strike the Eye, and without Reflection attract every one's Observation, and the emulous, if not envious, Wishes of the Majority. But Honour and Virtue are only visible to those who are attentive, and think, and reflect. Therefore a Man of Honour *who refuses to be advanc'd dirtily*, walking thro' the Streets of *London*, or riding into a Country Town or Village, in plain or shabby Dress, and with none, or a very mean Equipage or Attendance; there is no Splendor about him, nothing distinguishing. If he be not jostled and insulted, yet he may be neglected, and bare scanty Civility is the most he meets with. It is quite otherwise with a Rogue in Affluence or Power. What can prevent the Infection he carries about with him, but to let our Countrymen know, *That the shining Fellow has the Plague?* — *Hunc tu, Britanne, caveto!* — The Bulk of the People are naturally honest, and

and hate publick Knavery when they know it. And by publishing it, many are kept back from it; for, wicked as the Times are, and lost to Sense of Shame, it cannot but be with much inward Struggle that most Men arrive at ——— *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo, &c.* ———

And when they know they must fall under the Indignation, and Contempt of Men of real Worth; and that dirty Dogs and Scoundrels (in Power or out of Power) can only approve of them, it must be still a stronger Restraint. Again, when Men of Figure decline from the Paths of publick Virtue and seem to flourish by it, even the Understandings of many would be corrupted into a Conceit they are wise, and to be imitated, if their Wickedness (and it is *Wickedness*) were not exposed to all who see or hear what they have done. This is necessary in such Times, that Virtue and Honour may not pass for old-fashion'd Things, and Chimæra's that Men of Parts and Figure have laid aside.

And it is Justice to honest Men, and to the Publick. Let me for once suppose that most hateful Supposition, viz. That reputed Patriots of Note and Figure should now, as in former Times they did, desert the Cause of their Country for the Wages of Iniquity: Some would presently cry ——— “ Aye! they are all Rogues alike. “ I told you they would drop off, when they could make “ their Bargain. The rest will follow. God pity our “ poor Country! — And for these Suspicions, there might be honest Well-wishers of the Publick Good, who would forbear to assist, or would but faintly assist, those who honestly act for it, and *dare* be poor or unemployed, and risque and suffer (even in private Life) all the Consequences of the Resentment and Malice of the Publick Oppressors, and their Numerous Underlings. — Others would cry, — “ Courage! they are weary of “ their damn'd Opposition. It will soon be contemptible, and the Minority dwindle to nothing, or to a “ few Fools of Virtue and Honour forsooth! But who “ will regard the poor Fellows? They are not able to “ cut a Figure. They will not *take* for themselves, “ and cannot *get* for their Friends, and soon will have “ no Friends. How can the chimerical Creatures imagine to have Votes in Counties or Boroughs? They “ have not Money enough, and cannot obtain Places “ and

“ and Favours; so that even their Promises will not
 “ pass. We'll run them down in Town and Country,
 “ Great Names desert them. The *Hiss*, and — *The*
 “ *Question, The Question*, will knock them down in
 “ the ——— Or if we let them prattle and talk Sense
 “ and Truth, what will it signify *now*? The Bench of
 “ J——ces is ours ——— *that* we have taken care of; ———
 “ And all B——ches will be so. Don't you see the
 “ Progress? If we can model two H——s of P——t,
 “ shall we not model all the *W——r-H——lls* and
 “ all the inferior C——ts in *Britain*? The Army is
 “ ours, and the Treasury! The Treasury is ours! and
 “ the Stocks, the Funds, the Companies! ——— But
 “ damn that obstinate City of *London*, ——— and *Bristol*,
 “ and ——— s'death, we'll drive them and *Trade* to
 “ the Devil. We are in for Life, before G——ge! ———
 “ And what tho' we insult ——— who may soon
 “ come to command? ——— Pugh! So we did his
 “ ——— And yet ——— And what has been
 “ &c. ——— A third sort, disheartned by the Regrets
 “ and despondent Fears of the first, and intimidated by the
 “ Boasts of the other, would be like the Tribe of *Issachar*
 “ ——— A strong Ass couching down between two Bur-
 “ dens: And he saw that Rest was good, and the Land
 “ that it was pleasant, and bowed his Shoulder to bear,
 “ and became a Servant unto Tribute.

Dismal indeed would the State of *Britain* be, if in
 such Defection, or such Appearances of it as created
 Suspicion, there were not some honest resolute Men,
 who would publicly shew, that the Fears of *the first*,
 and the wicked Boasts and Hopes of *the other*, are
 groundless and vain; and that *the third Sort* are mean
 sordid Wretches.

But groundless and vain, one may say! Why, do you
 think all the Minority, who have not yet gone off, are
 impregnable? No truly! ——— Minority as they are, their
 Number is too great, to admit of the Supposition. But
 all the Minority, nor the Bulk of it, is not therefore
 to be suspected. Shew me any Sett, whose Number
 is between 2 and 300, who are all honest-hearted ———
 You cannot! ——— Then there is nothing here, but what
 always has been, and always will be in every Case.
 Why then should Friends be discouraged, or Enemies
 insult?

Insult? Why should heartless, interested Creatures, so soon take the Alarm, and couch under the Burden? *And they may find it a mistaken Measure.*

The Minority is indeed a Minority in certain Places, and on certain Occasions: But (as the late Duke of B——m said) I have seen an Event turn a Minority to a Majority, as round as a Hoop. And at present you know that *the Majority of the Kingdom is on the Side of the Minority in P——r.* All who do not get or expect, are openly on their Side. The *corrupted themselves* are not so lost to common Sense, but that, in their Judgments, they approve of the Minority (have you not heard them speak so?) tho' most shamefully they act otherwise. And why do they act so? Why, because they *get or strive to get.* Cromwell, by a Majority in Publick Business, run down a Minority in Affairs and the Majority of *Britain.* How did he do it?—By the Sword——And Sir, —— does it by the Purse. But tho' both continu'd long, the Last must come to an End as well as the First. Pray God it may, before an End be put to it by the greater publick Calamities he hurries us into so fast!

The brave and bold Spirit of *Free Britons* is not extinguish'd. We have down from all former Days, Lists of Min——rs, L——ds J——ges, G——ls, &c. Impeach'd, Fin'd, Forfeited, Hang'd, &c. And yet the publick Spirit had sometimes *then* run as low, as you may imagine it does *now.* The *English* have often suffer'd Oppression long, and with a Forebearance astonishing in a bold resolute People, honest and tenacious of their Rights and Liberties. But when roused at length, by continued Wrongs and Insults, the Rage of a Stormy Sea was not more irresistible than their just National Fury. The *Scots* have by some been thought too fiery and apt to strike a Blow —— terrible to the insolent rapacious Oppressors, even when supported by surrounding Crowds of *Scotch V——ns.* The History of that Part of *Britain* affords a signal, and almost *singular*, Instance of unconquerable Love and Resolution for the Rights and Liberties of one's Country. A private Gentleman, second Brother of a Family, very good and honourable indeed, (and it still continues) but neither of that which is call'd Great Quality nor
For-

Fortune. When one of the most powerful Kings in *Europe* had quite over-run and subdu'd every Corner of this Gallant Man's Country; when the Nobility and Gentry and all Ranks had submitted to the Conqueror, and many of them were keener and more bitter than himself against all who might resist, he alone oppos'd the mighty Monarch and these false dastardly Men of his own Nation. With a very few private Friends whom he spirited up, so far from being numerous enough to be call'd an Army, that they were scarcely enough for the Train of an Envoy, he began and carry'd on a War to relieve his enthrall'd Native Land. And even his own King fought aginst him who fought to recover and vindicate his Crown and Kingdom. But not the Smalness of his Force, and the seeming Impossibility of Success, not the Meanness, the Perfidy and Malice of Multitudes of his Country-Men, and the Defection of the Great; not the Backwardness, Cowardise, Sordidness and Treachery of some pretended Friends, could discourage him *in the glorious Cause of Liberty and Patriotism*. Neither Want and Poverty, nor the extreamest Hardships, Difficulties and Dangers, nor Death presented to him in all its Shapes, deterr'd him from incessantly acting for his Country's Relief. He began and carry'd on its Relief, and dying for it, left it in such a Way, that his dear Country was reliev'd. I need not tell you, that this was the brave, the wise, the glorious *William Wallace*. His King, who had meanly fought against the Hero that fought for him, at length had his Eyes open'd, and he undertook and successfully finish'd what *Wallace* had with such Honour carry'd so far.

England and *Scotland* were then disjoin'd in their Government and Interests. *But now they are One*. And the brave Spirit of both Nations (like the two Nations themselves) is united, and will ever be exerted for their Common Country, *Great Britain*, and never suffer the Rights and Liberties of it to be destroy'd or infring'd by the Artifices and Corruption of a M——r, no more than by the Sword of any other Enemy. It is not the Ancient savage Fierceness, but the old noble Resolution that animates them against the modern Corruption and Baseness.

But I would ask every one who has not renounc'd all just Pretence to Honour, supposing the worst he can suppose——that the Minority should dwindle, and the Great and most considerable desert their Country's Cause——What then?——It would be very lamentable.——But what more?——Nothing surely as to your Conduct, but that it should ardently move you to act more strenuously for your Country, as you are indispensibly bound to do. If their Apostacy disheartens you so much, you want Spirit; and if it prevails with you to follow them, you want Honesty. Are bad Examples to induce you to be as bad? For Shame, shake off this Meanness, and dare to be Good, tho' it were alone. Take what Assistance you can honourably get in a Cause so honourable. But if you do not find it, or if you lose any that you seem'd to have,——go on bravely. Your Duty requires you, and still more than formerly.

And don't apprehend that the Loss of any such Men would be so great.——The remaining Men of true Honour would be excited thereby *to unite in more vigorous Counsels well executed*, and would soon shew that they had only lost *gilded Cyphers*, but not *significant Figures*. And if the prevailing Course of Dishonour should come to obliterate *significant Figures*, yet do like an honest adventurous Merchant, when in his Trade he finds the Course of Exchange against him; by Resolution, Perseverance, and Skill, he brings back the Balance, and in a manner forces it to stand on his Side.

Worthy Persons may sometimes be Indolent Men; that languid powerless Disposition, which too often prevails over the strongest and justest Affections, and smothers them. All Ages witness it. And By-standers may mistake, and fancy them *Indolent* or *Faint*, when steadily pursuing the most proper Measures.

But the *Honest* and *Brave* do not, and never will turn faint by long Want of *the desired Success*. Nor have they been without glorious Success! Had it not been for them, what *Excise Schemes*, what frequent *Votes of Credit*, and consequently unfrequent Parliaments, and bye and bye Votes of Credit for Years together, and no more Parliaments? What giving up of National Possessions and Trade? What further despotick Arbitrariness, &c. would we not have felt? They have hinder'd the Estab-

blishment of these, and more of the curs'd Kind, which if the Nation was brought under, Publick Virtue and Honour would require us to redeem it from, at the Expence of our Fortunes and Blood; and the Brave Men who did it, would be celebrated and lov'd in all succeeding Ages. These and other glorious Victories they have had in a War that some call *Successless*. The War is not yet over. The Enemy keeps the Field and renews his Attacks and Stratagems. Is this a time to fall asleep or weary? Is this a time to sheath their Swords or wield them faintly? No! The Genius of *Britain* cannot endure it! And let the Enemy know, that as long as one Dram remains of the *British Spirit* (*it cannot evaporate*) it will continually ferment till it has thrown him off like the Scum of a Wine-Press in Vintage. And whoever will take up his Ground and Measures, will find, that the Hand of *Britain* is irreconcilably — *Mannus inimica Tyrannis*.

But, my dear Sir, the Freedom I resolv'd to follow in writing, you may perhaps think has led me too far from the Point I mainly propos'd, which was the great Corruption of the present Times, and greater than of former Days; for I have given you Instances in former Times alone, and only made Suppositions about the present. Thus you may think I have not advanced one bit in my propos'd Undertaking, but have render'd it harder for my self to go through with it. Were the former Times so abominable, and yet are ours worse? — yes, vastly worse. And I have not gone so far from my Purpose as might be imagin'd. The Crimes of every preceding Age are come down to ours, which with a plentiful Addition of our own, are wrought up to a higher Degree of more noxious and more inveterate Villainy. So a capacious Common Shore glutted up, and retaining all, has long received, and still receives the Nastiness of every Vault in the Street, which there does rot into a more pestiferous Excrement, that defiles the Air, and brings Diseases and Death on all the Inhabitants, who are not fortify'd against the suffocating, poisonous Exhalation.

To prove this by former and later Instances —

————— *I must such Stories tell,
As join'd to these, would to a Volume swell,
As true as Heav'n, more infamous than Hell.*

}
But

But I will not deal so much in Particulars, and no farther than shall be needful to shew " what is the Nature and Kind, *what is the Characteristick* of the " Wickedness of the present Times." This must be done in another Letter, if I do it at all. And if I do, tho' it shall be wrote with equal Freedom, I intend to confine myself pretty closely to the Subject just now mentioned. And when I shall have done this, remember, my Worthy Dear Friend, that it will be a Debt on you, to Virtue, to your Country, and to our Friendship, to write " what is the Duty of honest Men, what is incumbent on them in their various Circumstances and " Situations, to do in these Times, and in this State of " Affairs." Let us try what we can produce on Subjects so important, and so little and seldom treated of, with an Application so usefully particular. Would to God we could set these Things in their native glaring Light, that all the World might see clearly, and R——ues be forc'd to own publicly, that they are hateful R——ues, or to turn Honest! and Honest Men be reliev'd from every Doubt, and in all Emergencies act honestly like themselves. Would to God we could fire every Breast with Noble, Just, and Unextinguishable Ardor for our long-injur'd Country, and prevent the Ruin it is relentlessly push'd on to!

May Great Britain have the cordial and unalterable Attachment of every profess'd Patriot, as certainly and firmly as *Philaretus* has of his own

London, April 8. 1738.

PROBUS.

P. S. Fatigu'd with writing, I went abroad the other Day to take the Air, and a Shower drove me into a Coffee House. As I waited for my Cup of Tea, I laid hold on a News Paper lying on the Table, and the first Passage I happen'd to cast my Eyes on was, That———had accepted of a Post in the Army! The very next Paragraph was, in large Letters, inscrib'd, *BANKRUPT S.* O *Gemini* how I started! But on reading the List, I saw they were only *Bankrupts in Estate*. If the Writers of the *Craftsman* and *Common Sense* saw this Paper, and were struck as I was, who knows but henceforth they will present us weekly with a double List of *Bankrupts*—in Estate, and—in Ho——r i

*The CRAFTSMAN of December 10. 1737,
which was seized by the Messengers
before Publication.*

Populata, vexata, funditus eversa Provincia, Socii Stipendiarii que Populi Romani afflicti, miseri, jam non Salutis Spem, sed Exitii Solatium quærunt. Qui Judicia apud Ordinem Senatorium volunt, queruntur Accusatores se Idoneos non habere; qui accusare possunt, Judiciorum Severitatem desiderant — Sicilia tota, si una Voce loqueretur, hoc diceret, quod Auri, quod Argenti, quod Ornamentorum in meis Urbibus, Sedibus, Delubris fuit, quod in unaquaque Re Beneficio Senatus Juris habui, id Mibi Tu, C. Verres, eripuisti; abstulisti.

CICERO.

TO CALEB D'ANVERS, Esq;

SIR,

TH O' You have formally taken your Leave of the *Gazetteer*, and such like Scribblers, I must beg Leave to be indulged in a few Lines the first Opportunity, in Answer to a scurrilous, puerile Performance, in the said *Gazetteer* of the 4th of November last.

In Compliance with the Advice of the *Author*, whom, from his proverbial Style, I take to be at least of the same Occupation, if not of the same Family, with the renown'd *Sancho*, I have prefix'd, by Way of Motto to this Letter, some Lines of *that Oration*, to which upon his mentioning it I had Recourse, and found it to be the first of *Tully's* Select Orations; from which, and for other good Reasons, I concluded it to be the only Part of *that Orator's* Works, which *our Sancho* ever read.

The Nonsense and Folly of the *said Paper* I could easily have laugh'd at and pass'd over; but as there is couch'd in it a spiteful personal Venom, and a Malignity of Nature, which is of such Contagion, that it is already too much spread by *those political Lepers*, I cannot avoid exposing the Heart and Intentions of the *wretched Author*; I mean, Sir, their brow-beating of all *rising Virtue*; the mocking of all *publick Spirit*; and the slandering of a *certain young Gentleman*, in the grossest Manner; a *Gentleman*, who hath not indeed experienced a long Life, but

One,

One, who hath had the good Fortune, in every Situation, in every Scene He hath been in, to have conducted Himself in the nicest, in the discreetest Manner; One, who for his Thirst after Learning, hath given the World sufficient Reason to expect Actions equal to so singular, so happy a Beginning.

I am Sir, but little addicted to write *Panegyrick*; and were not I roused by an honest Zeal to resent the *blackest personal Calumny*, the Modesty of the *much abused Person* would never have been in this Manner offended, by being thus publickly told that his setting out in the Cause of *Virtue*, in the Cause of his *Country*, and in the Pursuit of *Knowledge*, which may make Him every Day more and more useful to Her, hath already intitled Him to the Esteem of all good Men, as well as to great Applause from the Publick.

The *Gazetteer* hath, indeed, chosen an excellent Oration to draw Parallels from; and as He hath found out a Resemblance for the *Imperfections of TULLY*, I am surprized he did not oblige Us likewise with one for the *Vices of VERRES*.

He informs the World that he is an Acquaintance of the *Gentleman*, with whom He is so free; but surely He must be mistaken; for no Man of the least Honour would offer to fall so foul on his *Friend*; neither would an *Acquaintance* of any Value, or Worth, advise Him publickly, and thereby endeavour to expose Him to the World. He would rather have waited for a convenient Opportunity to admonish Him of his Errors, and to administer his Counsel in private. Even a *mercenary Friend*, if He was really a *Friend* at all, would have advised Him not to delude Himself with unprofitable Notions of *publick Spirit*; would have persuaded Him not to become a Tool to *present Purposes*; not to be over-fond of *virtuous Praise*; nor easy to be flatter'd with the Hopes of serving his Country, in this degenerate and corrupt Age. — These are the too prevailing Sentiments of *such Friends* and *such Writers*.

This Scribler is surely the first, who ever asserted that an early Reputation in Prudence is not to be desired; an Assertion I hope never to see exemplify'd by any Body, except the *profligate Author*, who may have several Inducements to adhere strictly to it, and no Doubt expects his Reward. Thus much, at least, I may venture to say, that

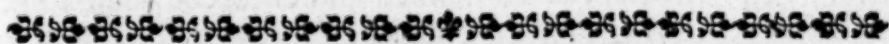
that He is in no Danger of being puff'd up with *too early a Reputation*, either upon Account of his *Principles*, his *Politicks*, his *Learning*, or his *Humanity*.

The Weakness of his Judgment is so manifest, in the Parallel He attempts to draw between Mr. ——— and *Cæcilius*, that if He understood the *Oration*, of which He seems to be so fond, it is amazing how He could be guilty of so apparent an Absurdity; for *CÆCILIUS* had served under, and was an Accomplice of *VERRES*, The *Gentleman* pointed at hath been always independent, and unsuspected of any corrupt Views. *Cæcilius* is represented as a Man of little Learning and mean Abilities. The *Gentleman* compared with him is allow'd to have great Parts and Knowledge beyond his Years. *Cæcilius* obtruded Himself to accuse *Verres*, only that an *abler* and *honest* Head might not undertake that Office. On the contrary, Mr. ——— thinks Himself obliged in Conscience to censure the Actions of any *Verres*, and only joins his Disapprobation (in Conjunction with *older Men*) of the Measures of *One*, whose ill Conduct is universally thought to have plunged his Country into the most melancholy Situation. — Are such Men therefore as *this Author*, or his *Patron*, likely to extricate Her; Men, who discourage and condemn every one, who hath begun to run the Race of *Virtue* and *publick Spirit*; Men, who endeavour to nip Honour in the very Bloom of *Youth*, and to divest even *Striplings*, as *this Libeller* calls Them, of their Integrity; Men, who are sharp-sighted in the Comparison of *accidental Imperfections*, but whose Eyes grow weak, sickly and dim at the Representation of *good* or *uncorrupt*, and *laudable Actions*?

To shew how prejudicial to the Good of one's Country such Treatment of *rising Merit* may be, let Us consider the great *Demosthenes* returning from the Bar, discontented with his own Performance, meeting *such an Adviser* as this; persuading Him, already too much prejudiced against his *own Imperfections*, not to attempt to establish his Reputation as an *Orator*, for which He was no Ways design'd by Nature. Such Advice, in the Situation He was in, might perhaps have had its fatal Effect; and what, O *Athenians* would You have lost in this Case? Not only the Reputation of producing one of the brightest Orators that ever lived, but the boldest Defender of your Liberties, and the greatest Check to the insatiable Ambition

bition of the *Macedonian Monarch*; a Man, of whom *Philip* stood more in Awe, by his own Confession, than of all the *Grecian States* He was seeking to oppress. Pursue then, O *Youth*, with redoubled Ardour, the Race You have so auspiciously begun; and think Yourself the more considerable, in Proportion as you raise the Envy of *wicked Men in Power*. — Continue to watch their Behaviour; and whenever You see your Country in Danger, expose their dark or ill-concerted Designs, to the Eye of the World, with the same Spirit, but I hope with much better Success, than your great Predecessor *Demosthenes*.

I am, Sir, &c.



TO CALEB D'ANVERS, Esq;

S I R,

WHEN I consider that We live under the Reign of a *most gracious Prince*, and the Influence of an *able and disinterested M——r*, famous above all Others for his Knowledge in *foreign Affairs*; I cannot without great Indignation reflect upon the many Engines employ'd to disturb our present happy Condition; and these too continually vary'd from Time to Time, that by the Diversity of them the Unwary may be led to think so much seeming Uneasiness could not arise from Nothing; and that, under the Appearance of so much *Smoke*, there must certainly be some *latent Fire*. I will not give Myself the Trouble of recapitulating past Complaints, and reviving old Grudges; but laying aside those thread-bare Topicks of *standing Armies*, *Spithead Squadrons*, *blundering Negotiations*; and all such like Stuff, I shall only mention the ridiculous Opinion, so universally prevalent, of the *Irreligion* and *Prophaneness* of the present Times; which the *Enemies of our Government* take so much Pains to persuade Us proceed from the bad Examples, the Dissoluteness and Corruption of the *C——rt*. Nay, so far doth this antichristian Spirit of Perverseness carry Them, that They stick not to accuse even the *Right Reverend of the Land*, if not as Aiders and Abettors, at least as passive Instruments of this Depravity. — Alas! mistaken, undiscerning People, who cannot see that the Lives of
our

our *present meek and learned Prelates* are an uncommon Ornament to *our own Church*, and worthy Examples, who draw such Multitudes of *different Persuasions* every Day into the Communion of it! — But to remove at once this weak Argument, which seems to be the last Pang of an *expiring Faction*, I will be bold to say that We are at this Day the most *christian Nation* under the Cope of Heaven. I speak This, with Regard to the *Body politic*; for it must be confess'd, that amongst the *Individuals* there are some *impatient and revengeful Spirits* still subsisting.

To prove my Assertion, I must observe that there is not one Doctrine, throughout all the sacred Scriptures, more emphatically recommended and enforced than That of *Meekness, Long-Suffering and Forbearance*. This is the Characteristick, by which the *primitive Christians* were distinguish'd from the *Pagan World*. How many Texts might be quoted, tending all to this Purpose; and how many Examples produced of *pious Souls*, from Age to Age, who have cheerfully submitted, through numberless Inconveniences, to this *divine Institute*? But I believe I may challenge all History to produce one Instance of *any Nation*, except *our own*, who have intirely embraced *these sublime Tenets*; and indeed so many late Instances immediately present themselves to Us, by which We may so peculiarly claim *this preëminent Virtue*, that were I to mention all of them, I should swell this Paper far beyond the Compass of a Letter. I shall therefore confine the present Subject to what relates to our Conduct towards the *Spaniards*.

The pyratrical Depredations, which the *latter* have committed against Us for so many Years, without Interruption, may very well pass for an unquestionable Instance to *suffer and forbear*, when having the *Means* in our own of our *Long-Suffering and Forbearance*; for this is truly Power fully to pour forth Vengeance, for long and repeated Injuries, We still delay the Stroke, nay, patiently submit to it; which must be for *Heaven's Sake*, since it cannot possibly be for *our own*. There would be no *Meris* if there were no *Power* to execute; for otherwise *every little petty State* might pretend to as much Christianity as *Ourselves*, when the same should find itself insulted by a *superior Neighbour*; but that This cannot be *our Case* is evident from hence. The Depredations hitherto committed

mitted upon Us by the *Spaniards* have been many of them upon *those Seas*, of which We style ourselves the *Masters*; and Time hath been, when we were really the *Sovereigns* of them. We were some Time ago able to equip a *Navy*, superior to all the united Force of *Europe* put together (the *Dutch* only excepted) and yet *these insolent Spaniards*, with a few tatter'd *Vessels*, most of them *second-hand* too from Ourselves, securely scour the Seas, and daily captivate our Ships, in Sight almost of our *Men of War*, which sleep at Anchor in our own Harbours, or perhaps are more profitably employ'd. This is *true Meekness*, in the strictest Sense of Scripture. Thus indeed, as it is written, *We resist not Evil*; and by forbearing even to *defend*, when We are *attack'd*, how nearly do We fulfil the Precept of *giving the Coat and the Gloak also*?

What a glorious Example of *Charity* and *Self-denial*, to all succeeding Ages, was a late memorable Expedition to the *West Indies*? When We held all the Wealth of *Peru* at Bay, and might have easily made Ourselves Masters of it, without the Loss of one Ship, we chose rather to make Use of *Christian Arguments* and PERSUASION; but these had no Effects upon *such Papists*, who are always obstinate when most civilly used, and return *Evil* for *Good*. This unhappy Perverseness in Them cost us many a *brave Commander* and *Sailor*; Martyrs indeed to *Meekness*, I may call Them, and *those inhospitable Shores*, which are still to be seen strew'd with their Reliques.

Let other Nations, Pretenders only to *Christianity*, vainly assume the proud Titles of *Catholick* and *most Christian*.—They must now see and own that *those Names* properly belong to Us alone.—I am in Transports, when I consider this heavenly Disposition of our *peaceful Realm*.—Surely the *Holy Suffering Christians* of the Primitive Ages live again in Us; and those happy Times, so long foretold and promised, of the blessed *Millennium*, or the *Reign of Saints upon Earth*, is already commenced in this our Island.—Now may it be truly said, we have an unquestion'd Right to that devout Motto, *beati Pacifici*, which our *Solomon* preferr'd before all Others.—What a sweet Saviour hath the pacifick Memory of *that blessed King* left amongst Us; how far to be preferr'd before the *bloody Henries* and *revengeful Edwards*

Edwards, Names still tremendous to the Half of *Europe*?

—— Let the savage *Russians* slaughter Nations for the Incurſion of a few *Tartars* only. —— Let the haughty *French* bombard *Mocha*, for an Impoſition on their *Company's Factors* and *Officers*; and let the reſt of our *barbarous Neighbours* riſe in Arms for every little Inſult. ——

But let politer *Britain* ſet a more chriſtian Example to the hoſtile World, and by *Negotiation* only put her Enemies to perpetual Shame; though I hope they will never live to ſee our *Armies* literally converted into *Waxwork*, and our *Fleet* into *Cork* and *Paſtboard*.

To return therefore to my firſt Proposition, if true Religion conſiſts in *Forbearance*, under the greateſt Injuries; and if I have fully proved our ſtrict Adherence to *that Precept*; then are We a truly *religious People*, and our *preſent excellent M——rs*, as well as our *holy Pr——s*, are amply vindicated from the infamous Aſperſion of propagating, or at leaſt not taking due Pains in extirpating *unchriſtian Principles*.

But I muſt put the *Spaniards* in Mind, before I conclude, *that Nature will ſometimes rebel againſt the ſtrongeſt Principles*; and would therefore adviſe Them to be a little more moderate in their *Depredations* for the future; leſt They ſhould at laſt provoke our *M——rs* (who are certainly Men of *Mettle*, as well as *Religion*) to put another Scripture-Maxim in Force againſt them, and demand *an Eye for an Eye, and a Tooth for a Tooth*? or, if I may apply it to our preſent Caſe, *an EAR for an EAR*, if not *TWO EARS for ONE*.



*A LETTER from a FREEHOLDER
in the Country, to a MEMBER of Par-
liament, concerning Franking of Let-
ters, &c.*

S I R,

May 22. 1738.

THOUGH I believe no People enjoy the Benefit of a speedy, safe, and cheap Conveyance of Letters, more than his Majesty's Subjects in this Kingdom; yet we in this remote and retired Neighbourhood are extremely obliged to your Honour for making it still greater, not only by sending us the News every Post from *London*, but also by having them sent *franked* under your Cover. As *Franking* is a Privilege peculiar, or chiefly belonging, as I take it, to Members of Parliament: The Design seems to be (so far as concerns the Members of the House of Commons) that the People and their Representatives might have a frequent and easy Correspondence with one another. And as the Post *must* go out on certain Days, this great Privilege and Ease to the People can be no great Trouble to the Post-master, (the carrying some *more* Letters than probably would otherwise be sent) nor should it be reckoned any Detriment to the Revenue upon the main, when kept within due Bounds, being so beneficial to the Nobility, Gentry, and the whole Body of the People. But this great Advantage to the People should be no Privilege or Encouragement to *false* Franks, which ought to be discouraged as much as possible: Yet how to do it effectually is no small Difficulty, when we consider how hard it is to discover every Counterfeit, especially since (as I have been credibly informed) our Great Folks contribute not a little towards it. For though I find it *Resolved*, That "to counterfeit a Member's Hand, or even to *set* his Hand to a Letter, is a Breach of Privilege;" by the *former*, I presume, is meant what may be called direct and plain forging, when a Member's Hand is set without his Knowledge and Consent; and by the *latter*, when, though he knew and approved of its being done, and it may be said to be *by his Order*, it was not *really* and *truly* frank-

ed, or superscribed by *himself*, but by *another*. Yet how many (how many hundreds shall I say?) are franked by the Secretaries, Valets de Chambres, and other Retainers of divers of our Quality and Bishops, as well as others? Nor does it alter the Case, whether it be by their Masters Order, or not: For when such a Power, Liberty, or Privilege, is granted or deputed (limited or unlimited) how shall any Post-master know the Difference? And I have good Reason to believe that some of these, as well as Clerks and others, in the Post and other Offices, not only frank Letters, sent to their Friends and Acquaintances, but make a *Profit* of franking; *selling* them, as I may call it, for so much *per* Quire, or Quarter; and all this with so much Impunity and Connivance, if not Allowance, that 'tis not unlikely but sometimes one sixth or seventh Part of all Inland Letters are franked, or carried Post-free, one way or other; that is, either by the real authentic Hands of Officers of State, or Members, or such as assume (by Allowance, or otherwise) a Liberty to set their Hands.

I have often wished that such Abuses were remedied, and was glad to find by the late *Votes*, that several Letters were stop'd at the Post-office, on Suspicion of having counterfeited Franks on their Covers; and which we must believe were counterfeited, when divers Members denied that the Names written on them were genuine: though, by the by, I cannot imagine what sort of Answers can be given by such as ever allowed their Secretaries, or others, to use such Liberties. I expected great and many Discoveries would have been made, when I read that one from the Post-office attended, with suspicious Letters put alphabetically in Boxes; but was surprized when I found but about seven or eight actually called in question among the *Commons*, and not *one* among the *Lords*, whose Hands, I fancy, are counterfeited, or set, as often as any others, though a Lord has not that Dependence on, or Correspondence with, so many People as the elected Commoners have, from whom *News* and *Franks* are expected in the several Places they represent, by their Friends and Well-wishers, who had been great Instruments of their being returned Members. For though I have heard it said, 'twas beneath the Dignity of a *P.* of *G. B.* to be at the trouble of writing, and (in some Measure) exposing his

his Title to save Three Pence, or a Groat; yet one can scarcely imagine the Number of Letters that, under their Names, are excused from Postage. I presume, the Commons, by making Examples of so few, either had not Time enough to enquire into *all*, or only made choice of a *select* Number, to be a sufficient Warning to others. I find two or three Lawyers in the Number, together with a Jeweller and a Parson, and a few more, some of whom had different Success, however equally they have been concerned. The Jeweller, and Gentlemen of the Law, upon their being examined before the House, confessed immediately that they were *Guilty*, in having counterfeited the Hands of several Members; for which they were very justly committed to Goal, or taken into Custody. One who had been (by Order) sent for almost an hundred Miles off, (I forbear naming Names, and who, if we may believe Fame, had a very great Number of Franks in his Possession) having by himself and Friends solicited divers of the House, got his Examination put off for a Month, that is, in a Parliamentary Dialect, entirely dismiss. Another Person confessed he wrote his Letter on a franked Paper, given him by one whose Name, or Place of Abode, he knew not: A thing very unlikely (being only within the Bounds of Possibility) that a Person who had a *Frank*, should give it to one whom he knew not; or, that one should have so little Sense as to write a Letter on a Piece of Paper, franked by he knew not who, and delivered to him by one he had never seen before. Now, though this carries a very ill Aspect, and any Magistrate would commit, or bind over, a Person, who (being brought before him for a Crime) could give no better Account of himself; yet, it seems, somebody saying, that that Person bore a good Character, he was immediately discharged from further Attendance.

However, the Parson did not come off at such a Rate, though his Age, Office, standing and Degree in the Church and University, we Country Folks would think, should have pleaded as much in his Behalf; especially when his Answer, upon Examination, was different from all the rest. I am at a loss why the *Votes* are so deficient in this Affair: For, whereas the Answers of all the others who were brought before the House on the like Account are set down very *plainly* and *expressly*; yet there is not a single
Syl-

Syllable in them of what the Clergyman said; but immediately after mention is made of his being *Examined*, and *He directed to withdraw*, it immediately follows, *That he having counterfeited a Member's Hand, should be taken into Custody of the Serjeant at Arms attending the House*. From whence we in the Country concluded, that the Parson (like the rest who were under the same Suspicion) had confessed the Forgery, which they who are concerned in writing and publishing the *Votes*, in Respect and Deference to the Cloth, or for some other Reason, had omitted to insert. But an elderly Gentleman, who meets at our Club when we read the News, was of another Mind, wherein we were all thereafter confirmed, when in a few Days we saw his *Petition* to the House, and heard his *real Answer*, and the whole Affair, both by Letters from *London*, and from a Gentleman who had heard and knew all that had passed in this Matter.

We are told, that the Parson was so far from owning that he had *counterfeited* the Member's Hand, that he told the House the Name, Surname and Business of the Person from whom he had the *Franks*, together with the Time when, Place where, and the way how, he became acquainted with him: But as that Gentleman was not *then* ready to be produced, it seems the Clergyman was not believed, and his Answer went for nothing; and he being deemed to have *counterfeited* the Frank, was ordered to be taken into Custody, as aforesaid, till, upon his *Petition*, the House was pleased to set him at Liberty; when the Speaker shewed himself a very modest, civil, and most accomplished Gentleman.

All the others having confessed themselves *guilty*, used *that* among divers other submissive Reasons (such as owning that they *deserved* a more *rigorous Punishment*) as an inducing Argument in their *Petitions* for the House to extend its Lenity to them; whereupon they were, without any Opposition that we heard of, discharged in common Form. But the Parson was not such an humble kind of a Penitent as *particularly* to take the Guilt upon himself; but only, in *general*, set forth his *Sense and Sorrow for his Fault and Offence against the House*, &c. His *Petition* had like to have been rejected; yet it was at length carried by a great Majority. The Truth is, the *Petition* seems to have been very cautiously, if not artfully expressed, with

as much Reserve and *Fastness*, as if it had been drawn up with a *Bangorian Sincerity*: Because, though these Words, *Great Fault and Offence, against this House, and asking Pardon, &c.* may be construed to acknowledge the Truth of the Fault for which *they* thought him *guilty*; yet I beg leave to say, that That seems to be but tacitly *implied*, rather than clearly *expressed*. For tho' the granting the Prayer of a Petition would seem to be according to the Sense wherein the Person *petitioned* to understands it; yet the offering or presenting a Petition in certain Terms, cannot be extended any *farther* than the Mind and *Words* of the Petitioner, who (in difficult Cases) must be supposed to mean the *narrow* and most *restricted* Sense of the Words: And I cannot but take particular Notice, that one Clause of the Petition is, that they would *take his Case into a favourable Consideration*. If Words that, at *first* View, seem to bear *one* Sense, may, upon a *stricter* Enquiry, be equally (at least) capable of *another*, they must be taken in the most *favourable* Sense they can bear; unless we be in a worse Case than the People of *Geneva* were (from which the late Agreement, by the *French* and another Mediation, has happily relieved them) who, before they could receive any Favour (after they had been committed) were to confess, right or wrong, that they were guilty of what was laid to their Charge. And therefore, these Words, *Fault and Offence committed against this House*, admit of an Explication, and *may* signify no more than writing Letters upon Pieces of Paper whereon the Hand of a Member had been counterfeited, or where the Writer was not *fully* certain that the Frank was written by the proper Hand of a real Member.

Writing Letters in such a Manner (which shews Imprudence and Credulity, rather than evil Design) was certainly a *Fault and Offence*: And so long as this *may* be, and certainly *is*, a Meaning of the Words, I don't see how they can fairly and easily be extended as the Sense of the Petitioner, to any other: For tho' nothing can be in the Conclusion, but what is in the Premisses; yet, I am told, the Conclusion always follows the weaker or narrow Part of the Premisses. I don't say this to arraign the Justice of the House, nor to refer them to Sir *Thomas More's Utopia*, where Priests are not punished, but enjoy full Benefit of Clergy; No, not at all: to vindicate the Parson neither
from

from *Forgery*, if he was guilty, or from *Imprudence* and *Indiscretion*, if he was not guilty. I say, the House did no manifest Injustice to him; though I hope I may be allowed to say, it is *Summum Jus*; (and I need not tell what that is.) Yet, had the House so pleased, they might have dismissed him, as they did that Person who said, he got his *Frank* from a *Person unknown*. I say, the House did right; and yet for all that, it is not impossible, but very presumable, that the Parson was not *really*, and in *fact*, Guilty of the Counterfeit. He denied that he had counterfeited the Hand, and there was no Witness to prove that he had done it. In many Cases, even where Witnesses have proved Things upon Oath, yet the Character of the Person has so overweighed with the Court, that they would not believe the Evidence. Had he done, as another did, *viz.* acquainted previously some Members with his Case, and so prepared them against the Time of his appearing before them, I make no doubt but he would have experienced their Equity and Clemency, rather than Justice, and been acquitted with Honour.

I have known him so many Years, and have had so many Occasions of being intimate with him, I may say, in all Respects, that I can scarce be perswaded he could be guilty of any Thing that is mean or vile; he being, without Flattery, and to say nothing but the Truth, a Gentleman of Worth and Learning, an useful and much followed Preacher, and withal so fair, punctual, and honest in his Dealings, that I never heard any body complain of him on that Account. Indeed I have heard him very much blamed for his Zeal, and unwearied Pains in recovering an *Impropriation* to a certain Bishoprick, which had been lost for a considerable Time, and in all likelihood would never otherways have been recovered. This raised him many Enemies, and during the long Dependence of that Suit he was a greater Sufferer. I don't question but he was well requited, and ('twas said) he was preferred for that very Thing; though I can't tell if the Vicarage got any Advantage thereby: However, this I know myself, that he never rack'd nor squeez'd his Parishoners, but ever compounded at a moderate and very easy Rate. He never sued nor harrassed them, but by his Good Nature and Indolence has often suffered himself to be imposed upon; and, being a great Reader,
better

better acquainted with Books than Men, or the Way of the World, I'm afraid he trusted too much in the late Affair to his Innocency, and the Simplicity of his Intentions, not being conscious of any evil Design or Inclination: Which brings to my Mind a Text I heard him once preach upon, *The Children of this World are in their Generation wiser than the Children of Light.* The Harmlessness of the *Dove* is always best when joined with the Wisdom of the *Serpent*.

Being but an indifferent Scholar myself, I durst not presume to send this Letter to your Honour (though you desired me to write often, especially if any thing happened more than ordinary) till I had shewed the Purport of it to several honest Yeomen Farmers in the Neighbourhood. They all approved of my Design, and bad me assure you of their Votes and Interests at any ensuing Election; for as all of them are Freeholders in the County, so some of them are Freemen both in a City and Borough. They require no Fee or Reward for their Attendance, (being persuaded that you have the Honour and Interest of both King and Country at heart) only beg the Continuance of having the News sent them duly *franked*. Pray, Sir, let it be by your *own*, or some other *Member's* Hand, and don't depute or trust any other to do it; for we Country Folks can't tell what may be the Consequence, if it should be otherwise. One of them advised me to get the School-master of the next Parish to write it in a better Hand and Form; and, he pitying the Doctor's Case, said, *Miserum est etiamsi quis absolutus fuerit causam dixisse*; which he said was in *English*, 'Tis a sad thing for a Man to be obliged to vindicate himself, even though he should be acquitted of the Thing laid to his Charge; which I take to be a different Way of expressing our blunt Proverb, *One Man may better steal, than another look on.* For a Friend in Court is better than a Penny in Purse.

I know no body but who was much concerned when they first heard of this Affair (being afraid it had been worse than it was) and greatly pitied the Case, except some of the impropriated Parish. There is, you know, an ancient, grave, precise Clergyman in the Neighbourhood, of Orthodox Learning indeed, and regular Life, very strict and reserved in almost all his Actions; but so

strict, that he scarcely grants sufficient Allowances for Infirmities, Misfortunes, or unforeseen contingent Accidents, to others. I rent some Grounds in his Parish, and went to pay him his Tythes, when I knew he would bring this Affair upon the Carpet. He was very severe upon his old Acquaintance, believing what he had read in the *Votes* was not only the *Truth*, but the *whole Truth*; and said (notwithstanding all former Intimacies and Obligations) he would never see him any more, so as to be favourably reconciled to him, nor allow him to preach at his Church, as he had often done formerly on particular Occasions. Though that grave Parson be very rich, and is possessed of a good Crown Living, which he would willingly change for a better, I took upon me to argue the Matter (though he seldom allows People to be free and familiar with him) and told him of two or three old Verses I remembered ever since I was a School-boy, which may either suit a Divine or a Soldier, — *Tantane animis caelestibus ira? — Vince animos, irasque tuas, qui cetera vincis.* But lest Heathen Authors should be of small Account, I ventured beyond my Bounds, and talked, though I don't pretend to write, like a *Pastor*. I said we are forbidden to *be righteous over much*. 'Tis a Character of a Child of God, that he takes not up an ill Report against his Neighbour, but rather should cover his Faults, and admonish him; and Charity thinketh no Evil, for *Sape diespiter infesto addidit integrum.* *Paul* the Apostle, as well as *Saul* the King, were justly blameable for their passionate Zeal. I also told him how a certain great Man, afterwards a Bishop, had explained *St. Paul's* Case in a Sermon himself had lent me, *viz.* that he owned his Passion; and how the People of the Island unjustly entertained an ill Opinion of him of a sudden, only from outward Appearance, which they as suddenly altered. But the *Bereans* were reckoned more noble, because they *searched* if Things were so, or not.

I also shewed him what, at that Time, I had written in this Letter, and repeated my Reasons to him; which had this Effect, that though he is very tenacious, and cares not that he should at any Time alter, or be thought to have altered his Opinion; and, I must own, I had a strong Suspicion that this Fit of Zeal was rather *outward* than *real*, and proceeded chiefly from politick or prudential

dential Considerations; for he seemed overjoyed that the Case was so little to be blamed, when searched into the Bottom; nor did he seem quite pleased with himself for his hasty unbrotherly Censure, and rash Resolution.

When I was concluding this Letter, a pert little Gentleman came in, and talk'd in a sanguine Manner on very nice and critical Points; viz. the Power of the H—se of of C—ns: As, Why might not Men talk of the Power of that H—se, as well as of the Power of the K—g, seeing neither the one nor the other are unlimited? And as he made it a Question, if that H—se be a Court, so he assured us it was no *Court of Record*; that is, whatsoever is done there can be no Precedent, nor of any Consequence in Courts of Judicature; — That the House, as an House, cannot administer an Oath; and he added a great deal about a Freeman's being harassed or punished, either in Purse, Person, or otherways, without an Oath, or a Jury: — That no Man, nor Body of Men, can be *proper* Judges in their own Cause: — That no Body is obliged to answer Questions he thinks are ensnaring; it being a Maxim in all Laws, that no Man is obliged to accuse himself: — And a Question that should not be *answered*, should not be *asked*: — That the utmost he knew they could do was to commit to Goal, which is the most disgraceful, but the cheapest Way; or to the Custody of a proper Officer, or to the T—r, which is the more honourable and respectful, but at the same time, the most chargeable: — That one, thus under Displeasure, can be continued no longer in such Confinement, than till the End of the S—n, when he must in Course be set at Liberty, without any Fee, at least, at that Time: — There are but few Precedents, if any, of the H—se's taking further Notice of Persons so committed: — If they like their Condition, they may lye still till the P—t be Pr—d or D—vd; or, if they don't love their Quarers, they may offer a Petition to them, in whose Breast it lies either to pass it, or reject it. He farther said, That the enquiring after *false Franks*, in order to punish and suppress such an unjustifiable Practice, was very commendable; but as it was a *new* Thing, of which he remembered no Precedent, he could not tell in what Manner it was best to proceed against it.

Though lawful Authority is not to be *resisted*, but must be *submitted* to; and we are, for Conscience Sake to *render to Caesar the Things that are Caesar's*, and to *give Tribute to whom Tribute is due*: Yet he knew no Person, Court, or House, that was absolutely infallible, so as to make *Truth, Falshood, or Falshood, Truth*; or to bind Men to *full Belief and active Obedience*; to *believe or affirm*, what they know to be otherwise; or to do or think what is contrary to their Mind. A Man under Misfortune must submit. What Man is able to withstand *Leviathan*? A Case may be clear to one Man, and not clear to another. Let Courts determine as they will in a publick Way, Men will still retain their Right of private Judgment; and when a Case is not *evidently* clear, they will suspend their Judgment, or at least, incline to the charitable Side: And therefore, I presume, 'tis a great Injustice when a Case is published, and any Thing *suppressed*, or not *expressed*, which ought to have been *expressed*, that can give Light to the Matter: As I think the *Votes* should have done.

Great Bodies are liable to Mistakes, as well as little ones, and are not seldom led by Passion, Party, or otherwise. I have heard of divers *Resolves* that have proceeded from slight Grounds, and gone farther than 'twould seem proper. What great Disgrace can it be that a Parson is called a *Counterfeit*, when a Right Reverend Father in God has been *voted Unchristian*; whereby one who had for many Years been reckoned a *Golden Candlestick* (when it could no longer bear the Touchstone) was reduced to be what his Enemies called him, *viz.* one of *Prince's Metal*. But what followed upon that Anti-episcopal Tory *Resolution* against a Low-church Protestant Prelate? Was he ever the less a Christian? Did his Brethren despise him? Or was it any Detriment to his Reputation? Pray, Sir, mistake me not; it seems this is a Digression; it compares no Cases; it makes no Application. Let your Honour judge.

These Things were *new* to me, nor know I what to say to what he added, "That in olden Times, a certain great Body had not near so many Privileges as now"; and as he did not remember that these were procured or established by Act of Parliament, so neither could he tell if they had been assumed by Degrees, as 'tis common for every Body to advance themselves gradually) and only con-

confirmed by Time and Custom. Sometimes I thought he talked like a High-flyer for arbitrary Power, sometimes like one that was for licentious Liberty, and sometimes like a Leveller, or a rank Republican. To be sure he was full of himself, and knew little in Fact of the Manner how Matters are carried in Courts of Law or Equity.

But as I never intend to meddle in State Affairs, or Things too much above me, I shall not fix my Judgment, till I be fully informed by proper and sufficient Authority; yet I hope I may add, that had the Parson's Answer been printed in the *Votes*, as I truly think it ought to have been, Mankind had been left at more Liberty to have formed their *own* Judgment and Opinion about him, and that very likely in a more favourable Manner, than other-ways they could.

I must beg of your Honour not only to pardon the Trouble of this long Letter, and excuse any Rudeness, or any involuntary Mistakes; but also that you would please to send an Answer, especially as to Matters of *Fact*, whether Things be really so or not. As to Matters of *Law* or *Right*, it will be a more proper Time to have your Opinion by Word of Mouth, when we shall have the Happiness of seeing you, as we usually do, in Autumn. I dare say you will be attended on by most of our Neighbours, Gentry and Clergy, Freeholders, Tradesmen and others, who are all of them proud of having an Opportunity of shewing how much they are in your Service and Interest; among whom none can have a greater Respect for your Honour than

Your Humble and most Obedient Servant,

FRANK YEOMAN.



*The SPEAKER'S SPEECH to the King,
on his Presenting the Bills for the
Royal Assent, at the Close of the last
Session of Parliament.*

Most Gracious Sovereign,

YOUR Majesty's most dutiful and loyal Subjects, the Commons of *Great Britain* in Parliament assembled, attend your Majesty with several Bills; and with one amongst the rest for your Royal Assent concerning the Supplies granted for the Publick Service of the Year, allowing 3,750,000 l. for the Maintainance of your Fleets, Armies, and discharging a Million of the National Debt, and other Purposes.

Your Commons at first made Provision but for 10,000 Seamen, they being sufficient for the common Service; but having since been called on, by the Sufferings and Grievances of your Majesty's Subjects, to strengthen your Hands, to defend your Rights, and do them Justice against the lawless Power of the *Spanish* Nation in the Seas of *America*, where your Majesty's Subjects have, by Nature, an unrestrained by Compact, and equal Right with them, and are not to be subject to any Obstruction or Molestation whatsoever in their Passage over those free and open Seas; they have readily granted your Majesty 10,000 more. To suffer the *Spaniards* to Rummage our Ships, is to give them a Right to the Sovereignty of those Seas, as it was always deemed by *Great Britain*, and was never allowed by any of your Majesty's Predecessors.

These Depredations deserved the Consideration of your Commons, and these Outrages (if continued) will deserve your Resentment. To their Plunder they have added Insults; and to their Insults, Cruelties: Insults the more sensibly felt, as they come from a People whose Power we always deemed inferior; and whose Strength we ever subdued when tried. With these Sentiments your Commons applied to the Father of their Country for Redress; and received such an Answer as the Father of their Country should give: For which your faithful Commons make most grateful and dutiful Acknowledgments.

ledgments. Their Application on this Occasion, was on behalf of their Trade, which is the Life and Blood of this Nation; resting persuaded, that by your Interposition, you will be able to obtain Justice, for past Injuries, as well as future Security for your Trading Subjects, for the Sake of the Dignity of your Majesty's Imperial Crown, and the Honour of the *British* Nation; which they are sensible never were, nor ever can be, more secure than under your Majesty's Royal Protection.

Since your Majesty's Paternal Care has preserved this Nation under many Difficulties from the Calamities of War, and every good Man hopes you will be able to accomplish the great Work before you without it; yet if the Lot be so, that no Satisfaction for our Losses and Sufferings can be had, nor Security for the future, nor the Credit of the *British* Nation supported but by Force of Arms; there's not one Man in the Nation whose Heart and Hands would not be willing to support your Majesty therein, as your faithful Commons are willing and ready to do.

To these necessary Ends, they desire your Majesty's Royal Acceptation of the Supplies which they have granted for that Purpose; which, with several other Bills, SIR, upon the Table, are ready for the Royal Assent, and are for the Benefit of the Publick; particularly that which restrains the Privilege of Parliament: A Work begun before, but now compleat; and which will put an End to a Practice which tended to the Reproach and Dishonour of Parliament.



*An Excellent New BALLAD. Tune of,
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.*

THO' Ovid has given us so many Relations
Of Whimsical Changes and odd Transformations,
His Tales may be false, they were told long ago,
Hear a Tale that is true, a Tale *tout nouveau*.

Derry down, down, &c.

It is of a Knight, and a Lawyer beside,
(If you grant him the last, which by most is deny'd,)
A M—— J—ge, and a Justice of Peace,
King's Council, and who in the D—y takes Place.

Derry, &c.

This Knight, of so many Employments posselt,
With such eminent Honours and Dignities blest,
One would think was content; but Times are so bad,
Like a broken Distiller, he takes a new Trade.

Derry, &c.

In the Grand Cavalcade, to attend the Dead Queen,
It was order'd, that none but high Rank should be seen;
The Knight thought himself in this Order included,
But he found, to his Sorrow, he only intruded.

Derry, &c.

For, when drest *à-la-mode*, with a Countenance big,
Very fond of himself, in a Learned Long Wig,
As a proper Attendant, he offer'd to wait,
He was told 'twas too soon to admit him *as yet*.

Derry, &c.

For that none but the *Twelve*, and the *Chancellor* were
Proper Persons with Barons and Dukes to appear.
Is it so, quoth the Knight, alack! and alas!
When shall I be a Judge? 'tis a delicate Place!

Derry, &c.

But those who had seen him in *Westminster-hall*,
Could not be deceived, the Change was so small;
What's the Colour of Gowns, when the *Taper* betrays
The Nosegay with which he so prettily plays?

Derry, &c.

Disguis'd like himself had a Criminal been,
Brought before him, suspected of evil Design,
He had, on the *Black Act*, without Mainprize or Bail,
Committed poor Culprit to *Bridewell* or Jail.

Derry, &c.

N. B. He is at present treating with a certain J—ge, to resign in his
Favour.

Make

Make the Case but his own, at your Folly he'd laugh,
And would *Quash* such an Order, and *Quibbling* get off,
He's not *meant* by the *Ad*, he'd make it full clear,
His Vestment was *White*, nothing *Black* did appear.

Derry, &c.

But yet, in my Judgment, the *Plea* can't be good,
For if the Disguise be well understood,
White, Emblem of *Inn'cence* wou'd plainly appear,
The *properest* Mask that a *Lawyer* can wear.

Derry, &c.

Some say he is *proud*; but 'tis *bumble*, I think,
To descend from a *J—ge* to *carry a Link*:
But if he is paid in his own Occupation,
'Tis good to get Money in any Vocation.

Derry, &c.

Some say, that from *Paupers* he would not take Pay,
Sufficiently pleased his Parts to display;
And that, for *Admittance*, *Colt-Money* he paid,
'Tis a general Custom in ev'ry *New-Trade*.

Derry, &c.

But most People say, that it was but a *Treat*,
To have him amongst them the Honour was great;
Besides, as all griev'd for the Death of the Queen,
They wanted a *Subject* to laugh off the *Spleen*.

Derry, &c.

Vex'd at Heart, that he could not there strut it in State,
He resolv'd to look on, and learn to be Great.
Thus Gamesters, whose Money and Credit are gone,
Stand behind others Chairs, looking *fillily* on.

Derry, &c.

To be *One in the Anthem* his Int'rest he us'd,
Such an eminent Knight could not be refus'd;
Such a Man as the Knight in the Choir might been needed,
For perhaps he could *Sing* as well as he *Pleaded*.

Derry, &c.

Attended by *B——th*, who is ne'er out of Breath,
In prowling for Corpse, and hunting for Death:
An *Hireling of Sorrows* begot him, 'tis said,
For he always looks *dismal*, and fit for the Trade.

Derry, &c.

In *Surplices* clad, 'mongst the Musical Bands,
They march'd in Procession, with Lights in their Hands:
Like the *Jaye* in the Fable, each cock'd up his Crown,
And strutted with Ornaments none of his own.

Derry, &c.

Sir *T—mas*'s Pipe was so charming and clear,
 That some People thought *Senesino* was there :
 He warbled so well, some Arch-Rogues did avow,
 'Twou'd be right, if, like him, he was *qualify'd* too.

Derry, &c.

Had you seen how Erect and Majestick he was,
 You wou'd say he as well his *New Station* did grace,
 As the *Bench*, when he strove most *adroit* to appear,
 When his Wife and his Child came to see him sit there.

Derry, &c.

To those who had seen him to *Temple-Church* go,
 With Gait most erect, and in Majesty slow :
 Four Men at his Tail (Four Men of his own)
 Thus clad in a *Surplice*, he had not been known.

Derry, &c.

For a Frolick so odd the true Cause to assign,
 Wou'd puzzle some Heads, but it won't puzzle mine ;
 Tho' his Friends, to excuse him, made this a Pretence,
 That the Government then had just seiz'd *Common Sense* :

Derry, &c.

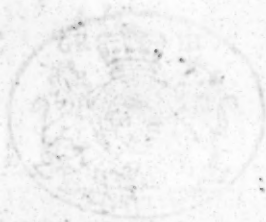
Yet I venture to say, the true Cause I have hit,
 (To me it is plain) by *B——ch* he was bit :
 The Truth, I'm afraid, will appear very soon,
 We need only wait till the *Change of the Moon*.

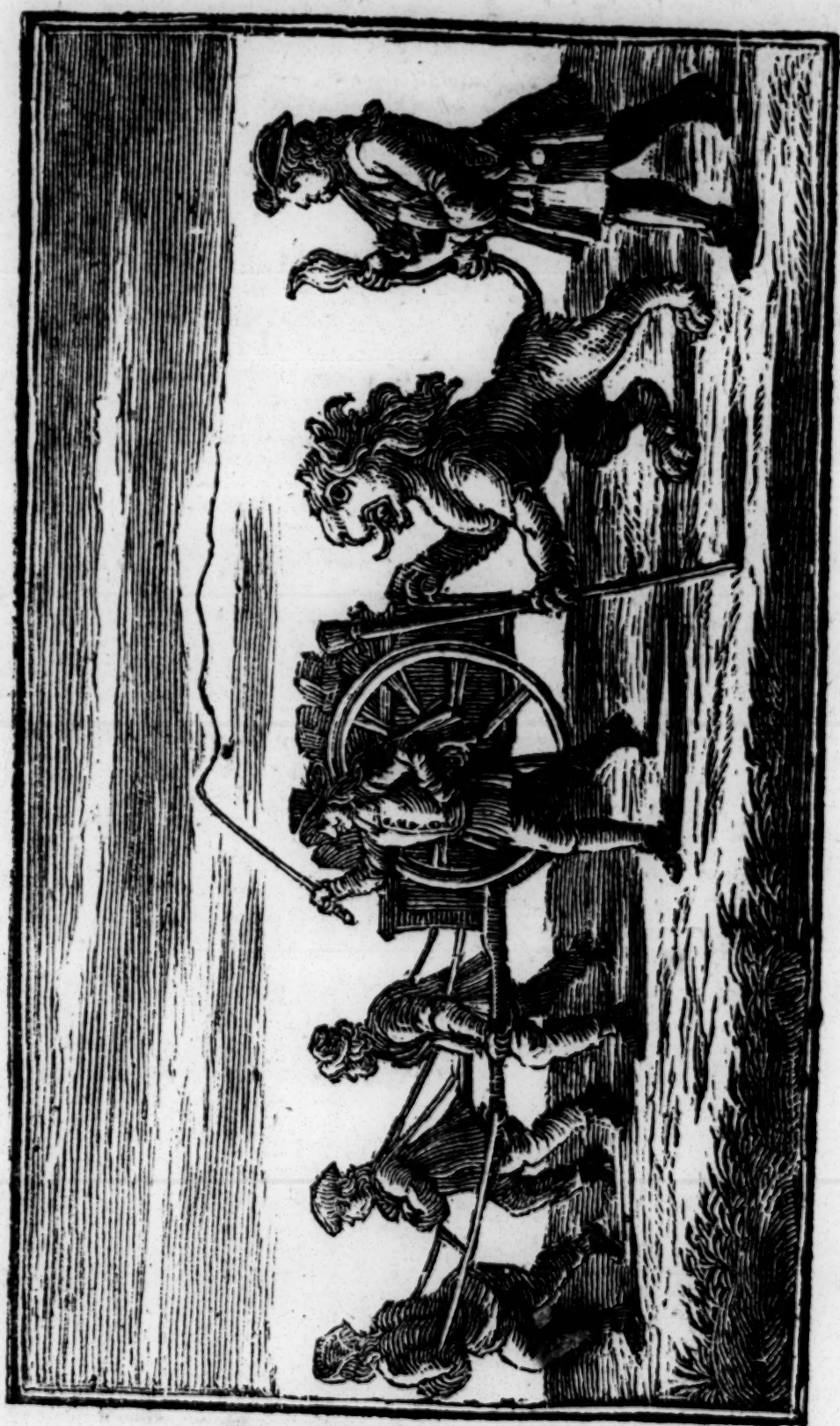
Derry, &c.

And now to conclude this comical Farce,
 I wish *B——ch* may always stick close to his A—se.
 Of their Gowns at the Bar both ought to be stript,
 As they acted like Boys, both like Boys should be whipt.

Derry, &c.







The NEGOTIATORS: *Or* DON DIEGO
brought to Reason. *An Excellent New*
BALLAD. *Tune of* Packington's Pound.

I.

O UR Merchants and Tarrs a strange Pother have made,
With Losses sustain'd in their Ships and their Trade:
But now they may laugh, and quite banish their Fears,
Nor mourn for lost Liberty, Riches, or Ears:
Since *Blue-string* the Great,
To better their Fate,
Once more has determin'd he will *Negotiate*;
And swears the proud *Don*, whom he dares not to fight,
Shall submit to his Logick, and do 'em all Right.

II.

No sooner the Knight had declar'd his Intent,
But straight to the *Irish Don Diego* he went;
And left, if alone, of Success he might fail,
Took with him his Brother to *Balance* the Scale:
For long he had known,
What all Men must own,
That Two Heads were ever deem'd better than One:
And sure in *Great Britain* no Two Heads there are
That can with the *Knight's* and his *Brother's* compare.

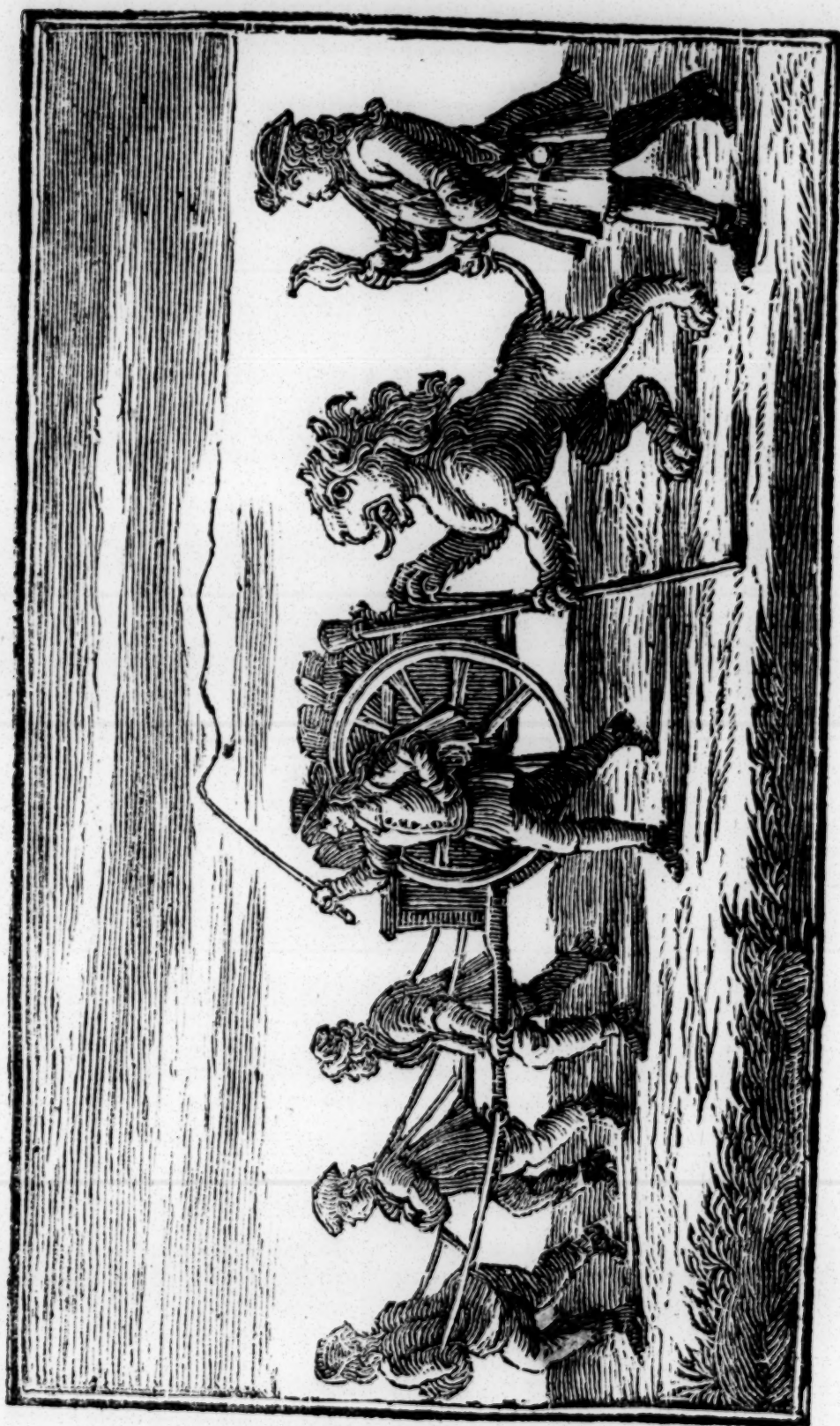
III.

These Worthies arriving at *Don Diego's* Gate,
A long while in the Street were obliged to wait:
They, at length, were let into a Room without Fire,
And to speak with *Don Diego* most humbly desire;
They tarry'd full long,
Yawn'd, whistled and sung,
With Impatience at length they began to be sung;
When a Servant demanded their Message in Writing,
For the *Don* had been purged that Day, and was Sh——g.

IV.

On this they arose, and prepar'd to be gone,
Presenting their humble Respects to the *Don*,
They said they'd attend him next Day, if he pleas'd;
In order to which his Man's Fist was well greas'd:
So without further Speeches,
H—— tuck'd up his Breeches,
(Pray note what great Patience *Negotiating* teaches)
And both Knight and Squire for that time went away,
Resolving to wait on *Don Diego* next Day.

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When

When the Morrow was come, to the *Don* thy repair,
Who bid them the Cause of their Visit declare.
Quoth the Knight, Noble *Don*, I am come to implore,
That you would their Ships to our Merchants restore :

For, sure as a Gun,
I shall else be undone,
And whither for Refuge, alas ! shall I run ?
You very well know my sad Case, that I dare
Neither *ask you for Peace*, nor yet *offer you War*.

VI.

Quoth *H—*, I beg, gentle *Don*, I may join
In the humble Request of this Brother of mine ;
And surely I hope he may merit your Pity,
Since for you he has labour'd in every Treaty.

Were each *Secret Evil*
In the Treaty of *S—lle*,
Fully known, he would quickly be sent to the Devil :
And since he so often has ventur'd a Halter,
Who knows but at last he may give up *G—r* ?

VII.

Consider how often himself he expos'd,
And 'twixt You and *Great Britain's* just Rage interpos'd :
When her Fleets were equipp'd, you must certainly know,
By him they were hinder'd from striking a Blow.

Thus *Hofier* the brave
Was sent to his Grave,
On an Errand which better had fitted a Slave ;
Being order'd to take (if he could) your Galleons,
By the Force of *Persuasion*, not that of his *Guns*.

VIII.

Quoth the *Don*, what you say, my good Friends, may be true,
But I wonder that you for such Varlets will sue.
Merchants ! ha ! they were once *Sturdy Beggars*, I think,
And were I in your Place, I would let them all sink.

They oppos'd your *Excise* ;
Thus, if you are wise,
Reject their Petitions, be deaf to their Cries ;
And let us like Brothers together agree,
You *Excise* them on *Land*, I'll *Excise* them at *Sea*.

IX.

Noble *Don*, quoth the Knight, I should heartily close
(For hugely I like it) with what you propose :
Our Merchants are grown very saucy and rich,
And 'tis Time to prepare a good Rod for their Breech ;

Were

Were I *once* to *speake true*,
 Give the Devil his due,
 I love them as little, nay, far less than you;
 And would willingly crush them, but that I'm afraid
 Of this a bad Use by my Foes might be made.

X.

Sir Knight, quoth the *Don*, 'tis in vain to discourse,
 For Words are with me of no manner of Force;
 If you mean to convince me, Sir *Blue-string*, you must
 Without farther Prating, *come down wjth your Dust*.

Then, for one Year or twain,

They shall quiet remain,

After which I'll fall on with fresh Fury again:
 If you like my Proposal, strait count out the Guineas,
 Or else pray be gone like a Couple of Ninnies.

XI.

When the *Don* had done speaking, the Knight and his Brother
 For a Time, like stuck Pigs, stood and star'd at each other;
 But finding at last, that he scorn'd for to stoop,
 They immediately gave him a Warrant on S——p:

Then strutting away,

To each other they say,

Our Politicks have put off this Evil Day:

Let us now to our Master, and swear that the Nation
 Had been lost, were it not for our *Negotiation*.

XII.

To S—— J——'s they went, and accosted the K——g.
 And said, My D—— L——ge, happy Tidings we bring.

Don Diego at first was as stiff as the Devil,

But we soon found a Method to make him more civil:

We shew'd him the Amount

Of the Merchants Account,

And told him your M——'s Sword was not blunt;

At which he began for to tremble and quake,

And promises *full Satisfaction* to make.

XIII.

How happy is *Britain* such Heroes to breed,

To stand by the Nation in Cases of Need!

What a Great Man is he! who his Enemies beats,

Without the Assistance of Armies or Fleets?

He can quell ev'ry Foe,

Without striking a Blow,

And can conquer *as far as the Money will go*:

And when he at last has exhausted your Store,

On his Personal Credit he'll borrow you more.

*The RIVAL WIVES: Or, the Greeting
of CLARISSA to SKIRRA in the Elysian
Shades.*

SCARCE had the Ghosts of *Pluto's* gloomy Shade
Lull'd the loud Storm *Clarissa's* Coming made;
The roaring *Styx* was just grown calm again,
And Mirth possess'd the wide *Tartarean* Plain;
When lo! a second Noise invades their Ears,
And louder Tumults shape their growing Fears,
Strait a huge Dæmon, in a hollow Sound,
Proclaims th' unwelcome baneful News around;
"Prepare, ye Slaves! he cries, your Queen to meet;
"Fam'd SKIRRA comes! ye D----d her Presence greet!
Through all the vaulted Domes the Message flies,
They reach e'en *Pluto's* Mansion with their Cries.

So when to *Totbill*, or to *Clerkenwell*,
Some Nymph is sent, for Crimes too vile to tell;
If with lac'd Cap, or silken Gown she's blest,
Due Reverence she claims from all the rest;
A more than usual Noise the Dungeon rends,
Which louder still from Cell to Cell descends:
The Keeper cries, "Make room for *Madam* there;"
While all the hungry, starving Wretches stare.

In a long Shade, with deadly *Henbane* spread,
Clarissa drooping hangs her shameful Head;
When SKIRRA's Name she hears, malicious Smiles
Rise in her Face, and all her Bosom boils;
Revenge! my Soul, she cries, my Rival's come —
This, since she shares it, is no dreadful Doom;
But yet there wants one *Shadow* more than this,
A THIRD still greater; — That would make it Bliss:
Ha! there she glides! perfidious Shade, yet stay!
And hear what Rage and Vengeance bid me say.

Wrong'd as I was, in Person and in Fame,
I'll now the Cause of all my Wrongs proclaim;
If trifling Errors to my Share did fall,
'Twas some Excuse, you, Monster! caus'd them all.
By fond Affection mov'd, I met my Lord,
Chear'd by his Look, obedient to his Word;

The nuptial Tye cou'd ne'er two Hearts unite,
 More form'd for mutual Transport and Delight:
 Swift wing'd with Love, the Moments gaily flew,
 Each Bliss, tho' oft repeated, still was new;
 Love's fragrant Blossom, opening to the Sun,
 'Till thou, curst Sorc'ress! like a Blight came on:
 'Twas then my *BUFO*, flighting all his Vows,
 The Marriage Band, the tender Name of Spouse,
 First from the menial Herd selected Thee,
 To raise Thee high at once to ruin Me:
 What Beauties had'st thou? what prevailing Charms
 Couldst thou e'er boast, to draw him to thy Arms?
 No Birth, no Titles grac'd thee, mean, and low;
 Thy Blood, in vulgar Channels wont to flow.
 A while, unknowing of the fatal Guile,
 I innocently met him with a Smile;
 O had the Secret still been kept unknown,
 I had been happy — P'd been wrong'd alone;
 But busy Tongues convey'd it to my Ears,
 And too-sufficient Proofs confirm'd my Fears:
 Instead of Poverty, and humble State,
 I saw an Equipage around thee wait;
 And found too late that thou by Pride wer't grown
 The Scorn and Envy of the cens'ring Town.
 Mad to be thus despis'd, — frantick and wild,
 Of Honour's Ties, and Reason's Guide beguil'd,
 I flew for my Revenge, alas! to what?
 All Sense of Virtue, Shame, and Friends forgot,
 Enrag'd at him, my own Destruction sought.
 While secret Pleasure and exulting Pride
 Taught thee my little Failings to deride.
 Plung'd in the Sea of Vice, I waded through,
 And all the Plea I had was — Monster! — you.
 Tho' banish'd from his Bed, yet still I strove
 By various Services to gain his Love:
 While you in Riot, void of Sense or Shame,
 Still shar'd his Passion by a shocking Name.
 'Twas said, and vulgar Tongues soon spread it round,
 If not with Charms, you did with Sense abound;
 That strict Discretion, 'bove the Reach of Man,
 Taught you the Politician's Thoughts to scan;
 Hence he his Counsels form'd, and every Scheme
 Ow'd its *Prodigious Birth* to You, not Him:
 (As Conjurers of old had Spirits wait,
 Who, all that chanc'd, would to their Lords relate:)

Hence You and He alike were blam'd or prais'd,
 As the unthinking Multitude were pleas'd.
 That fatal Day's Mishap you needs must know,
 When his GREAT SCHEME of all receiv'd a Blow;
 The Mob enrag'd a hapless Female tore
 Forth from her Coach, and that 'twas you they swore;
 Their well-tim'd Rage, had they but guess'd aright,
 Had ended all my Pains and Fears that Night.
 To see you thus exalted, high in Pow'r,
 And I forlorn, yet even this I bore;
 The World, by Fortune blinded, made their Court
 To you, who'd lately been their Game and Sport.
 Hence view the vain Delusions of Mankind,
 How Riches dazzle, and how Titles blind!
 If *Great*, ne'er stick at Vice,—— Who dare defame?
 The vicious *Poor* alone can merit Shame.
 L—ds with Impunity each Moment cheat,
 For what low petty Rogues their Fate would meet;
 And what our Ancestors would deem a *Crime*
 Is grown a *Virtue* by the Course of Time.
 Men now may *Keep*, their Ladies Freedoms take;
 Each Knight his W——re, each Lady has her Rake;
 Scandal and Spleen in vain their Venom spit,
 To be gallant and lewd is tip-top Wit.
 Like *Rubra*, or like *You*, they scorn to wed,
 Yet boast the Shame of a polluted Bed;
 Think Vice is poor unless 'tis publick shewn,
 And lead their *Bastard Offspring* through the Town.

This I endur'd, no Recompence I sought,
 Resign'd entirely up to Care and Thought;
 For this the tributary Shore I drein'd,
 And half the Riches of the Sea distraint'd;
 All Nature did her wondrous Works impart,
 And strait the GROTTO rose, compleat in Art:
 O blissful Scenes! I could not then divine,
 That for so foul a Gem I form'd that Shrine;
 I sunk at last, oppress'd with Shame and Grief,
 Glad to resign the poor Remains of Life:
 One last Farewel I ask'd, the sad Request
 Rais'd fresh Emotions in my throbbing Breast;
 Conscious how much your Pow'r prevail'd——this Boon,
 Cry'd I, this Favour I intreat alone;
 “ Since Fate thus severs our united Hands,
 “ You never more would join in nuptial Bands:
 By all our first fond Loves, I urg'd my Pray'r,
 And begg'd the *Dear Inconstant* he would swear.

So thrive I, said he, in whate'er I do,
 As now I keep this Promise made to you;
 Ne'er shall these Hands again receive a Mate,
 Ne'er will I enter on the Marriage State:
 Perfidious Wretch! how well thou'st kept thy Vows,
 SKIRRA, deceitful, cunning SKIRRA knows:
 Pleas'd with his Promise, I resign'd my Breath,
 And yielded to the frozen Arms of Death.
 Scarce had the Earth entomb'd my sad Remains,
 And freed me from the Dread of earthly Pains;
 The starting Tear wip'd from the Mourner's Eye,
 Though feign'd, and forc'd, was yet but scarcely dry,
 When —— Shame to tell! —— with all the Fire of Youth,
 Forgetting me, and Constancy and Truth;
 'Spite of a sneering World, whose envious Smiles
 Exulting now at all his artful Wiles,
 He WEDDED thee, and the same Vows he swore,
 Renew'd to thee, he'd giv'n to me before.
 What Charms, what Arts, what Cunning couldst thou use,
 To draw so *Wise a Man* to such a Noose?
 I've heard, by *Drugs* too strong to be withstood,
 Women have oft bewitch'd Man's roving Blood:
 Couldst thou do this?—What *Drugs*, what Charms have Pow'r
 To give fresh Youth to feeble, dull *Four score*?
 The aged Lechers at some Face that's new,
 Whene'er some blooming Beauty comes in View,
 Feel sudden Pains, Desires that once could move,
 Tormented, tho' not pleas'd, with *Qualms* of Love.

But who in Fancy dull, first kept a Miss,
 Ugly, nor form'd to give Delight or Bliss;
 Who for whole Years retains th' imperious Dame,
 Bully'd not *charm'd* into an am'rous Flame:
 Should he, to stop the World in Censure bold,
 Make her his Wife, when impotent and old;
 Would not Mankind agree in gen'ral Votes,
 He's *mad*, or else in *second Childhood* doats?
 Where was the Gout? Why ceas'd the *Gravel's* Rage?
 Or did thy Eloquence his Pains assuage?

O envy not, ye Fair! the Men their Sex,
 Whom thousand Cares, and thousand Ills perplex,
 Nor think them blest 'cause freely they may rove,
 Unbounded through the Labyrinths of Love.

Rove not we freely, when in high Disdain
Of Virtue's Struggles, or of Honour's Stain,
The Man we love we take, whole Years enjoy,
Nor Censure, Care, nor Scandal, can annoy;
Since in the End the mystic *Priest* bestows
The very *Virtue* we at first did lose?

Fix'd in these dark Abodes I felt no Rest,
But one continual Canker gnaw'd my Breast;
Still for his Good my Heart with Ardour glow'd,
And this false Step in friendly Dreams I show'd:
At midnight Hours, from my dark Cavern freed,
I travers'd all the busy Town with speed,
To know their different Judgments on this Deed.
His Friends (tho' few they were) with o'ercast Brows,
A discontented Sorrow did disclose;
None could with Smiles approve, howe'er polite;
No *Gazetteer* a Complement could write.
While, pleas'd, the *Courtier* smiles, the *Farmer* sings,
This to their Cause, they think, new Comfort brings;
The chearful *Merchant* fills his flowing Bowl,
And with new Transports elevates his Soul:
While each agrees to join the gen'ral Voice,
That he has shew'd his *Folly* in this Choice;
Hence did they fit presaging o'er their Wine
His *Judgment's* Failure, and his quick *Decline*.

Next to the fatal Scene my Spirit hy'd,
And saw thee deck'd, new-made an *honest Bride*;
While on thy Heart a little *Dæmon* sat,
Swell'd with Ambition, and with Pride elate.
The Bed was deck'd with all the Pomp of Love,
And seem'd the Image of th' *Idalian Grove*.
He, like *Adonis* drest, limp'd on behind,
Age in his *Limbs*, though *Youth* was in his *Mind*.
On the soft Scene, enrag'd, I saw you laid,
With no fierce Joys your Slumbers to invade.
Next Morn the *Levee's* Farce with Smiles I view'd,
Thro' various antick Characters pursu'd.
A Rev'rend Lawn with Scrapes his Homage pays,
Though Conscience gives the Lye to all he says.
One strait finds out you're born of noble Birth,
And that your Beauty charms all Men on Earth:
While in your Anti-chamber humbly wait
Ladies of Rank, Condition, and Estate.
All Scandal silenc'd; rich and virtuous grown,
You claim a Rank now equal to their own.

So much can Fortune dazzle in this Case?
 That on a *Post* or *Log* a *Ribbon* place,
 The Mob revere, and strait it shines His GRACE.
 And ev'ry Wench pick'd from the servile Croud
 (If by some Man of Quality avow'd)
 Is dubb'd my Lady; and each Wretch before
 That shunn'd her Sight, and shov'd her from his Door;
 Now cringing humbly at each Motion bends,
 For Favours sue, and on her Smiles depends:
 We've lost the ancient Virtue of our Sires,
 'Tis not intrinsic Worth the World admires;
 Nonsense and Noise can now alone engage,
 Assurance, Titles, Dress, and Equipage.

Then sunk ingloriously in Sloth and Ease,
 Like *Anthony* he liv'd but You to please;
 The World neglected was, and *Britain* mourn'd,
 Until her S--tes--mn's Senses were return'd:
 Unhappy He! whole Days to give to You,
 Who Nobler Trophies should have had in View.
St. J--n in State Affairs the Mark could hit,
 And temper *Politicks* with *Love* and *Wit*:
 From that *soft Desk*, wou'd fire the Hermit's Soul,
 He sent Dispatches round from Pole to Pole.
 Would F--ry for the *Mistress* of his Heart
 One Moment from the *Cabinet* depart?
 Or would *Le Quadra* chuse the *Am'rous Scene*?
 Tho' he had nought to do but hear poor K—
 These while their Country bleeds, all scorn to *sleep*,
 Yet You your *Hero* in fond Dalliance keep:
 Debas'd he cry'd, let who will *rule the Main*,
 I for this Kiss would give up all to S——n.

More brilliant next at C---t I saw you shine,
 Where all the Flatt'ers in your Praises join,
 Ten thousand spreading Scandals Me defame,
 Each Prude takes Pleasure to revile my Name;
 While you triumphant on my Ruins rise,
 And gild your Vices with the rich Disguise.
 Amaz'd, confounded, to my Shades I flew,
 Unable to sustain another View:
 This only Comfort eas'd my anxious Pain,
 I knew your Transports could not long remain.
 But as for me, why should the Busy Tongues
 Unmov'd, repeat my Errors, not my Wrongs?
 Whom have I hurt? — What envious Wretch can say
 The Poor from me, unpity'd, went away?

The low, distress'd in me still found a *Friend*,
 And all that on my Bounty did depend.
 No Pride, no Ostentation, spoil'd my Boon,
 The Benefit bestow'd, forgot as soon.
 Say, when with Affluence blest, couldst thou e'er boast
 Any that met Assistance at thy Cost?
 Still from thy Door the Poor and Needy fled,
 Nor sought the Hungry, there, their daily Bread:
 Yet Calumny and Shame my Mem'ry wait
 For Errors known too well, and found too late.
 Vice, if successful, loses strait its Name;
 If unsuccessful, meets with certain Shame.
 Yet let the partial World judge how it may,
 Justice uncloses all one fatal Day;
 Bares the gall'd Conscience, and betrays its Guilt,
 Pursues the Murd'rer for the Blood he's spilt.
 In vain the Villain's hid in specious Forms,
 Unerring Justice all his Fraud disarms,
 Regards the gaudy *Robe* no more than Bags,
 And damns the Miser with his hoarded Bags;
 Pulls Regal Pride, and stern Oppression, down,
 And spoils the Tyrant of his ill-got Crown:
 Till this sad Day here doom'd with me to rove,
 And share the Horrors of this gloomy Grove,
 You, SKIRRA! as you once partook my State,
 Shall now partake the Terrors of my Fate.
 O! how unlike the fond luxuriant Bliss,
 That Earth once gave thee, are the Pains of this!
 Instead of *R—bm—d's* Bow'rs and verdant Scenes,
 Its rising Landscapes spread with Ever-greens;
 The blighted Cypress, Henbane, and the Yew,
 Invenom'd all, shall only meet your View.
 No Grotto's form'd for Transport, Love, and Joy,
 No downy Coach to meet the am'rous Boy;
 But gloomy Shades and Cells, which void of Light,
 Abound with dreary Phantoms of the Night:
 No purling Streams, like *Thames*, the Shores to lave,
 But black *Cocytus'* horrid roaring Wave;
 And still to make thy Torments more compleat,
 In various Shapes my Image shalt thou meet:
 Still bellowing in thy Ears, the cursed Cause
 That this impartial Vengeance on thee draws;
 Thy Crimes repeat, and in thy trembling Ears
 Proclaim my Wrongs, and so augment thy Fears.

Thus will I say, Now, *Traitress*, seek thy Lord,
 And try what Joy his Presence will afford!

Where's

Where's now thy gay Delights, thy wanton Mirth?
 And all the Luxuries thou shar'dst on Earth?
 Now ravage *India*, and the Vassal Globe,
 And Nature of her choicest Sweets disrobe;
 In Spices, like the Eastern Bird, expire,
 And rise more lovely from the balmy Fire:
 With richest Viands now thy Table spread,
 Richer than those on which fam'd *Nero* fed;
 Then dress'd in all th' Extravagance of Pride,
 Thy fond old Husband sitting by thy Side,
 Drink *Pearls dissolv'd*, the noblest thou canst find,
 And riot on the Plunder of Mankind.

Thus in tormenting Accents (still thy Foe)
 My Words shall double all thy Scenes of Woe:
 From Shade to Shade I'll still pursue thy Ghost,
 Nor let one Moment of Despair be lost.
 Nay more, to give thee Pain, thou shalt behold
 The Wonders which the mystic Fates unfold;
 How from dark Causes Embrio Mischiefs rise,
 And fill th' admiring World with wild Surprise.
 How *Europe* blesses her indulgent Star,
 Boasts settled Peace, yet ev'ry State's at War.
 And when a flagrant Blunder I espy,
 "S K I R R A; thy Love occasion'd this," I'll cry.
 See where the once fam'd *Empress of the Main*,
 By *Pirates* robb'd, from Vengeance does refrain;
 Sees *Europe's Scum* defy her falling Pow'r,
 Her ruling FLAG insulted, mock'd and tore;
 Lethargic Slumbers all her Spirits seize,
 And see, she sinks to Nothing, by Degrees;
 Her Sons with Ardour burn, each Bosom glows,
 And would Revenge the Insults of their Foes.
 But close confin'd by Pow'r and awful Sway,
 Their Spirits sink, inactive, to decay;
 The *British Lions*, quite degen'rate grown,
 See themselves robb'd, yet lie supinely down;
 From martial Camps and Fields their Youth retire
 To lulling Sounds, and female soft Desire;
 From the shrill Trumpet's Clang, the Drum's loud Note,
 They fly, enraptur'd, to an *Eunuch's* Throat.
 'Twas not by such as these that *Britons* rose,
 And quell'd the most obdurate of their Foes.
 When the *Iberian* o'er the trembling Main,
 Threaten'd our Land with all the Strength of *Spain*,
ELIZA's Captains rous'd at once to Arms,
 And met undauntedly their rude Alarms.

Had *Drake* or *Raleigh* then, as *Heroes* now,
 Dreaded a rough scarr'd Face, or wrinkled Brow;
 Or had they aim'd at nought but Dress and Ease,
 Where then had been the Empire of the Seas?
 Thus *Britain's* sunk in Sloth, and *Lux'ry* drown'd,
 The *Scorn* and *Dupe* of all the Nations round;
 While haughty *GAUL* her growing Pow'r extends,
 To Sov'reign Empire o'er Mankind pretends:
 Where'er she comes Terror and Dread she brings,
 And gives *contending Slaves* her *Vassal Kings*.
 In Arts and Arms, supreme, she reigns alone.
 And makes each grand Discovery her own.
 How chang'd the Scene, in less then thrice ten Years,
 Her Monarch then shrunk drooping with his Fears;
 Submissively for *Peace* and *Quiet* sought,
 When *MARLBRO'* check'd her, and when *EUGENE* fought;
 Now see her rais'd in her *Triumphal Car*,
 To bending *Europe* dictate Peace, or War;
 Nay e'en the haughty *Porte* will condescend,
 T'accept her *Mediation* as her Friend:
 But ruin'd *Corfica* finds to its Cost.
 That by her Friendship all its Rights are lost.
 Nor spreads she thus her Sway by Force of Arms,
 But by persuasive Guile, and wordy Charms;
 By Friendship's specious Lure, th' unwary draws;
 The Weak, by seeming to espouse her Cause:
 Thus she o'er All maintains unwonted State,
 As if *sole Arbiter* of *Europe's* Fate.
FLEURY, this Honour's thine! To latest Days
 For this shall *France* record her Statesman's Praise;
 Their Offspring teach thy great Desert to own,
 And thy lov'd *Bust* with living Laurels crown:
 While *Britain* — but no more — now turn thy Eyes,
 Where Virtue blooms beneath black northern Skies;
 In *RUSSIAN* Climes see Glory rear her Head,
 And round the Universe her Triumphs spread.
 Thither the hardy *Vet'ran*, full of Scars,
 The Marks and Prize of many well-fought Wars,
 For Refuge flies; starv'd in his native Land,
 But there's rewarded with a lib'ral Hand:
 Cloy'd of inactive Life, there braves the Field,
 Glad in his aged Arm his Sword to wield.
 The brave rough Sailor, who enur'd to Toil,
 Has oft enrich'd his Land with *India's* Spoil,
 Dar'd the harsh Wave, and triumph'd o'er the Main.
 Yet fought at home his due Regard in vain;

There

There crown'd with Glory, and with Plenty blest,
By all the World makes ANNA's Pow'r confest.

But see a Cloud o'er Britain breaks—The Scene
Dreadfully looks, what can the Object mean?
*A Sov'reign's Anger—injur'd Subjects Hate—
Plunder restor'd—Designs against the State—
Cheats—Contracts—Bubbles—Pensions idly paid—
Rich Cits—and sturdy Beggars—Loss of Trade—
Georgia—Gibraltar—Treaties made to break,
Threatnings—Impeachments—ill-got Wealth at Staks,
A Scaffold—and an Ax of monstrous Size—
At this sad Sight aghast each Shadow flies:
Skirra in vain evades Clarissa's Hate,
She still pursues her swift as vengeful Fate;
Yet both confess their Sentence is not hard,
Knowing what Torment's for their Lord prepar'd.*

F I N I S.





